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Classics Series 2 Issue #8

The Stockbridge Horror
Part 1, 2, and 3

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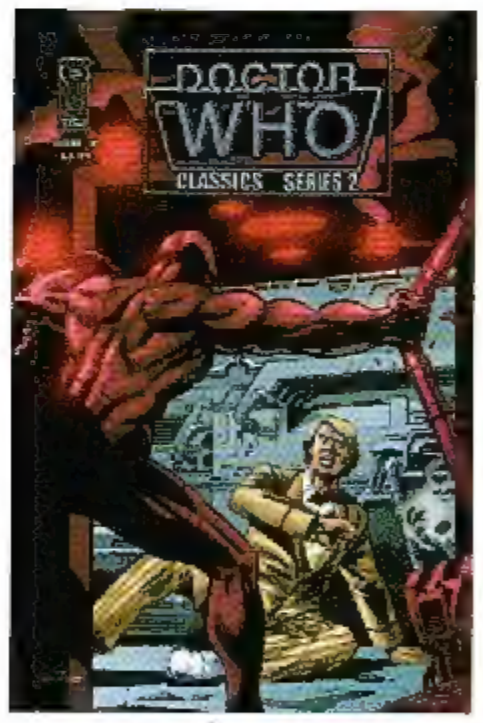

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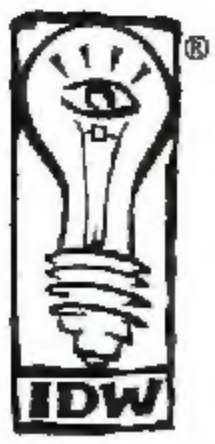

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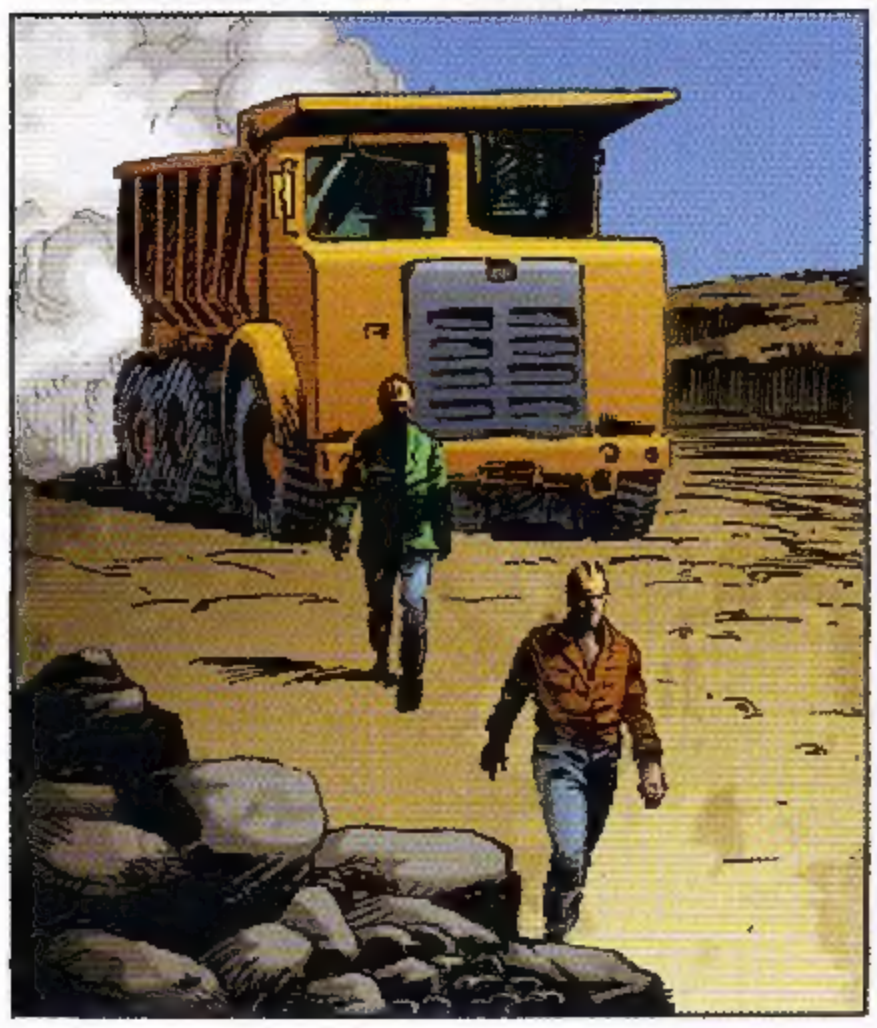
Script/pencils: Steve Parkhouse Inks: Paul Neary Editor: Alan McKenzie

the Stockbridge HORROR

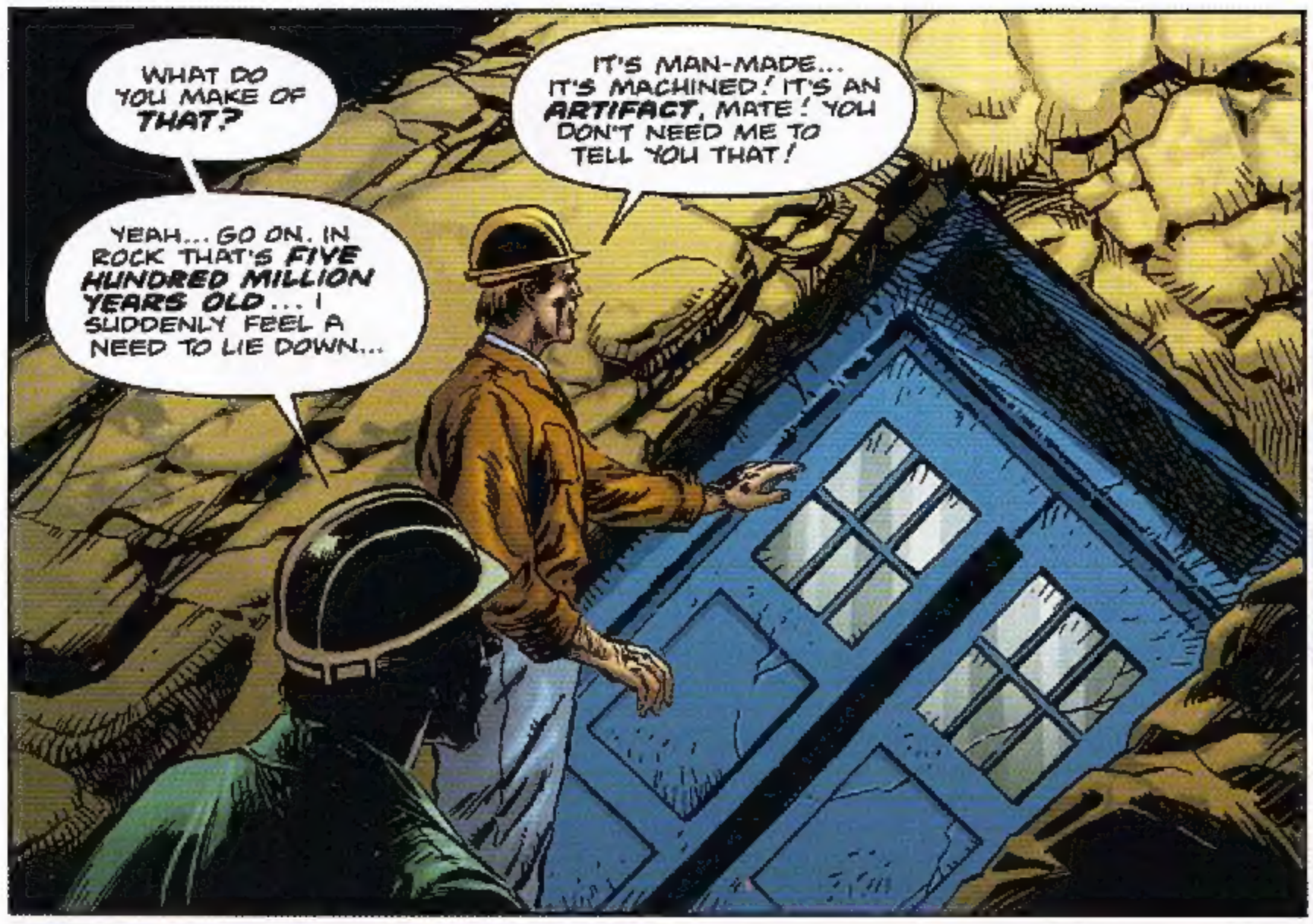
MONDAY, 11·30 AM, AND AT THE STOCKBRIDGE LIMESTONE CO. LTD. BLASTING WAS WELL UNDER WAY...

TONS OF ROCK AND DUST HEAVED SKYWARD AS CAREFULLY PLACED CHARGES WERE DETONATED...

THE DUST SETTLED BACK ONTO THE QUARRY FLOOR... THREE SHORT BLASTS OF A SIREN SOUNDED AND THE BIG DUMPERS CAME ROLLING IN... FOR THEIR DRIVERS IT WAS JUST ANOTHER WORKING DAY...



AND LIKEWISE FOR THE ENGINEERS WHO HAD SET THE CHARGES... UNTIL ONE OF THEM GLANCED UP AT THE BROAD LIMESTONE FACE SO RECENTLY EXPOSED...

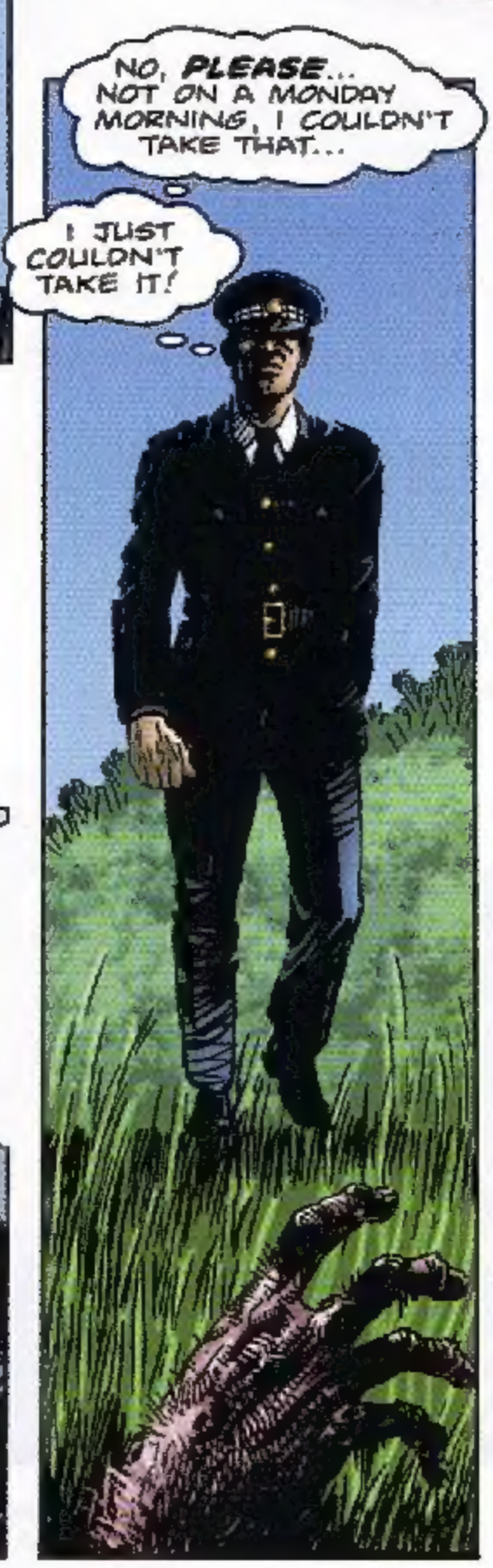

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT?
IT'S MAN-MADE... IT'S MACHINED! IT'S AN ARTIFACT, MATE! YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU THAT!
YEAH... GO ON. IN ROCK THAT'S FIVE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS OLD... I SUDDENLY FEEL A NEED TO LIE DOWN...

OY... WHERE YOU OFF TO?
HOME. FOR MY CAMERA... THIS IS ONE FOR THE RECORD! THIS IS THE BIG ONE, SON... THIS MARTIAN PHONE BOX IS GONNA MAKE US FAMOUS!

AT THAT MOMENT, FIFTEEN MILES AWAY... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VILLAGE OF STOCKBRIDGE, P.C. JIM MARSHALL WAS HEADING FOR HOME...
HE HAD SPENT THE MORNING HELPING TO BEAT OUT A STUBBLE FIRE WHICH HAD SPREAD TOO FAR... JUST PART OF A ROUTINE WORKING DAY...
POLICE
POLICE
UNTIL SOMETHING IN A ROADSIDE DITCH CAUGHT HIS EYE...

BETTER STOP AND CHECK IT OUT... PROBABLY JUST A BUNDLE OF RAGS...

BUT AS HE CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE OVERGROWN DITCH, HIS FIRST IMPRESSIONS FADED FAST...
OH. NO...
POLICE


NO, PLEASE... NOT ON A MONDAY MORNING, I COULDN'T TAKE THAT...
I JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT!

OH LORD... LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN HIT BY A FLAME-THROWER! BUT THE GRASS IS UNTOUCHED!
HE'S BEEN DUMPED... MUST'VE BEEN!

P.C. MARSHALL RADIOED HOME, WHERE HIS WIFE TOOK THE CALL...
...PARTIALLY BURNED BODY DISCOVERED AT ROADSIDE ON BRIDGE LANE, FIVE MILES NORTH OF STOCKBRIDGE...
ER... INFORM COUNTY H.Q.... WE'LL NEED AN AMBULANCE... TELL THE SARGE I'LL BE STANDING BY FOR HIM... SO I'LL SEE YOU LATER, LOVE...

TUESDAY, 9 AM SHARP, IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE GREEN DRAGON INN, STOCKBRIDGE, THE DOCTOR WAS ABOUT TO START HIS THREE MINUTE EGG...

AHH... SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT ENGLAND, BUT IT REALLY IS ONE OF THE LAST FEW **CIVILISED** PLACES LEFT IN THE GALAXY...

EGG, TOAST... AND THE MORNING PAPER. WHAT MORE COULD ANY TIME-LORD ASK?

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? SOUNDS **INTRIGUING**... CAN'T BEAT A GOOD MYSTERY!

Courier

MYSTERY AT LOCAL QUARRY!

CO-OP SALES

"AN IMPRESSION OF A LARGE MAN-MADE OBJECT WAS FOUND YESTERDAY WHILE QUARRYMEN DYNAMITED LIMESTONE...

BELOW IS A PICTURE TAKEN BY EXPLOSIVES ENGINEER DAVE THOMAS."

GOOD GRIEF!

OFF SO **SOON**, DOCTOR? AREN'T YOU GOING TO FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST?

NOT NOW, MRS. WITHERS! SOMETHING **IMPORTANT** HAS CROPPED UP!

THE DOCTOR RAN. HE RAN UNTIL THE GREEN DRAGON WAS FAR BEHIND... HE RAN UNTIL HE REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE...

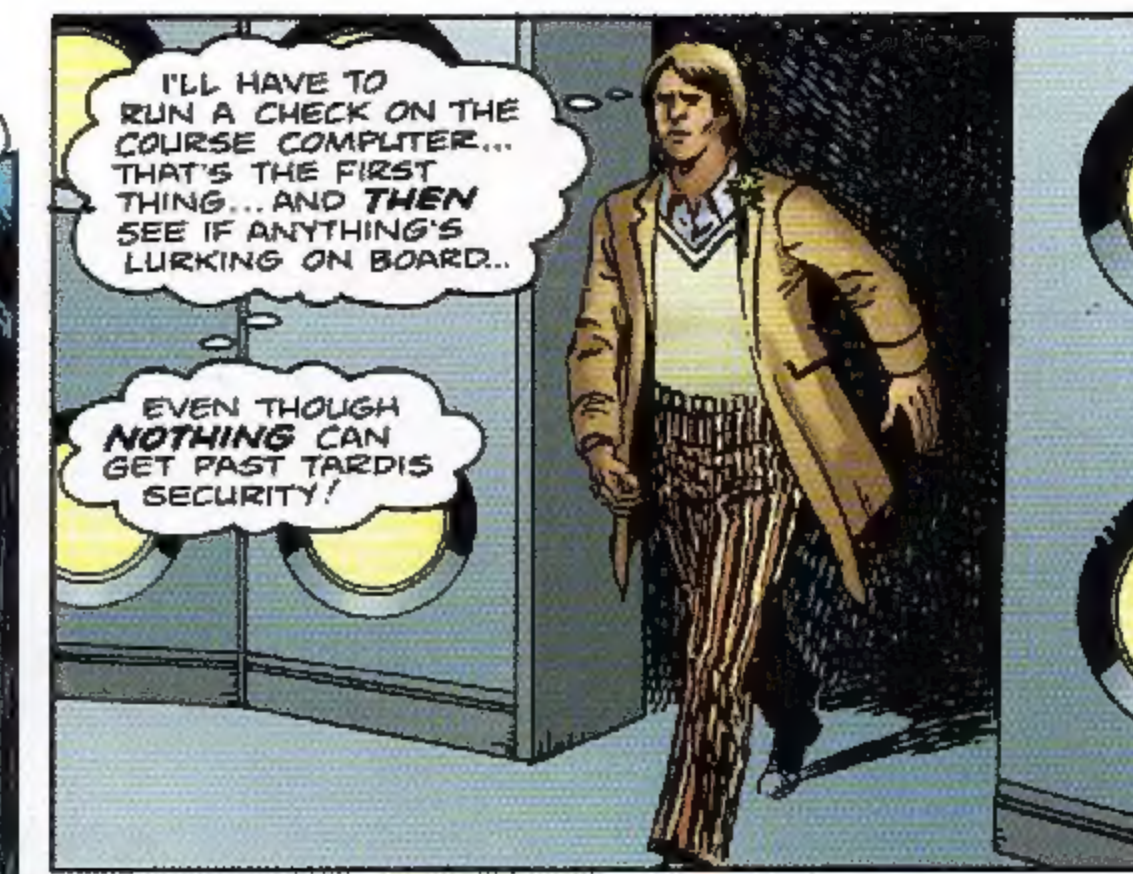
HE DIDN'T **STOP** RUNNING UNTIL HE REACHED THE EDGE OF WELLS WOOD... AND ALL THAT TIME, HIS **MIND** WAS RUNNING AHEAD OF HIS BODY...

IF IT'S GONE... I'M **STRANDED**... **DONE FOR**! AND I'VE ONLY GOT MYSELF TO BLAME.

I'VE BEEN A **FOOL**... I'VE NEGLECTED THE TARDIS FOR FAR TOO LONG... NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'M PAYING THE PRICE!

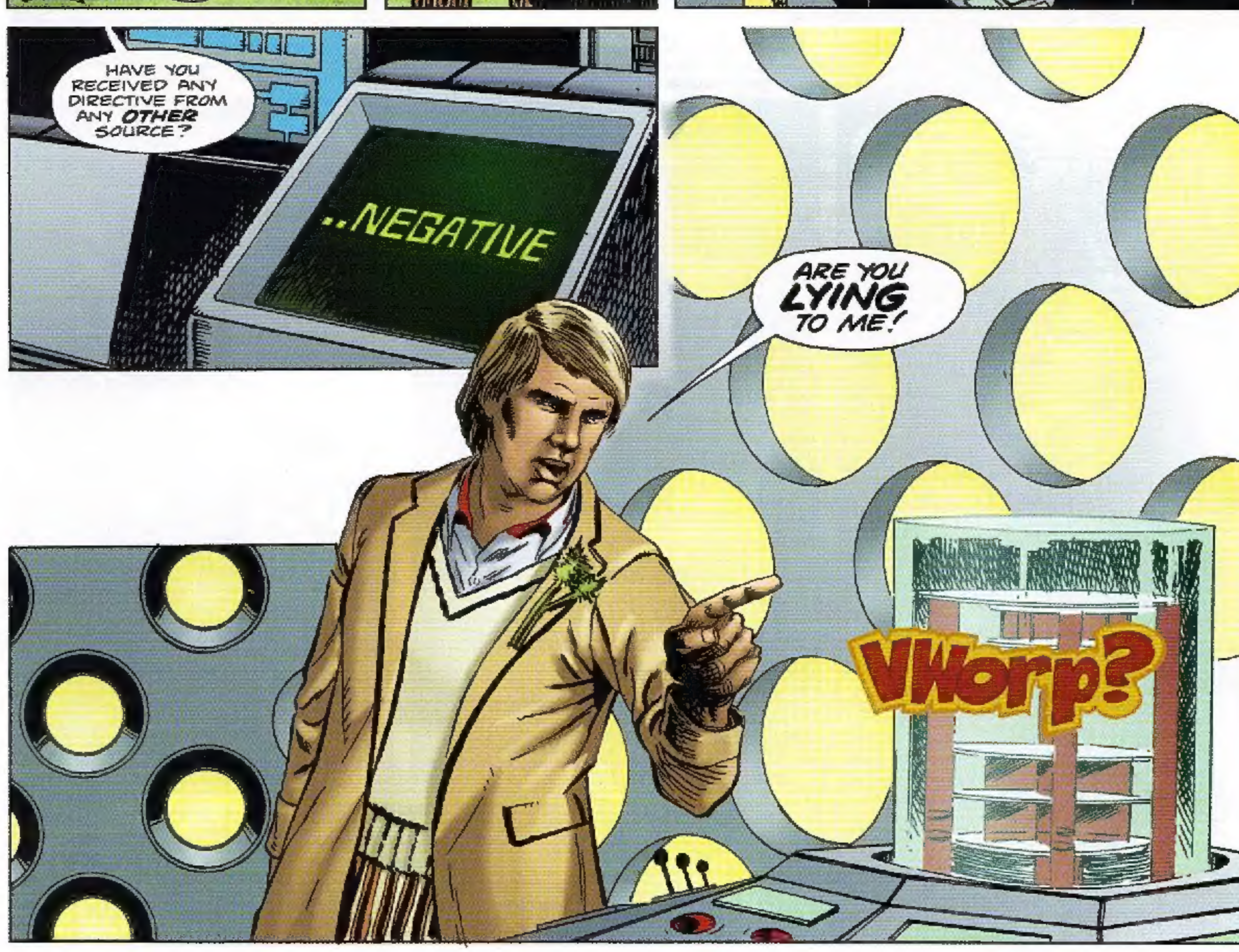
BUT, DEEP IN THE WOODS... HIDDEN IN A LEAFY GLADE...
IT'S STILL THERE! IT'S STILL THERE??
THAT'S A RELIEF... THIS CAN ONLY MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE HAS BEEN TAMPERING WITH IT! OR DOES IT? WHAT EXACTLY DOES IT MEAN?

IT'S COVERED IN MUD...THICK COARSE MUD...COARSER THAN CLAY... MUCH COARSER...
PARTS OF IT ARE STILL SOFT... HEAVENS ABOVE, THIS IS TOTALLY MYSTIFYING!


I'LL HAVE TO RUN A CHECK ON THE COURSE COMPUTER... THAT'S THE FIRST THING... AND THEN SEE IF ANYTHING'S LURKING ON BOARD..
EVEN THOUGH NOTHING CAN GET PAST TARDIS SECURITY!

DETAIL INFORMATION ON CURRENT OPERATING CO-ORDINATES WITHIN, SAY... THE LAST TWO WEEKS... PLEASE...
NEGATIVE

HAVE YOU RECEIVED ANY DIRECTIVE FROM ANY OTHER SOURCE?
..NEGATIVE

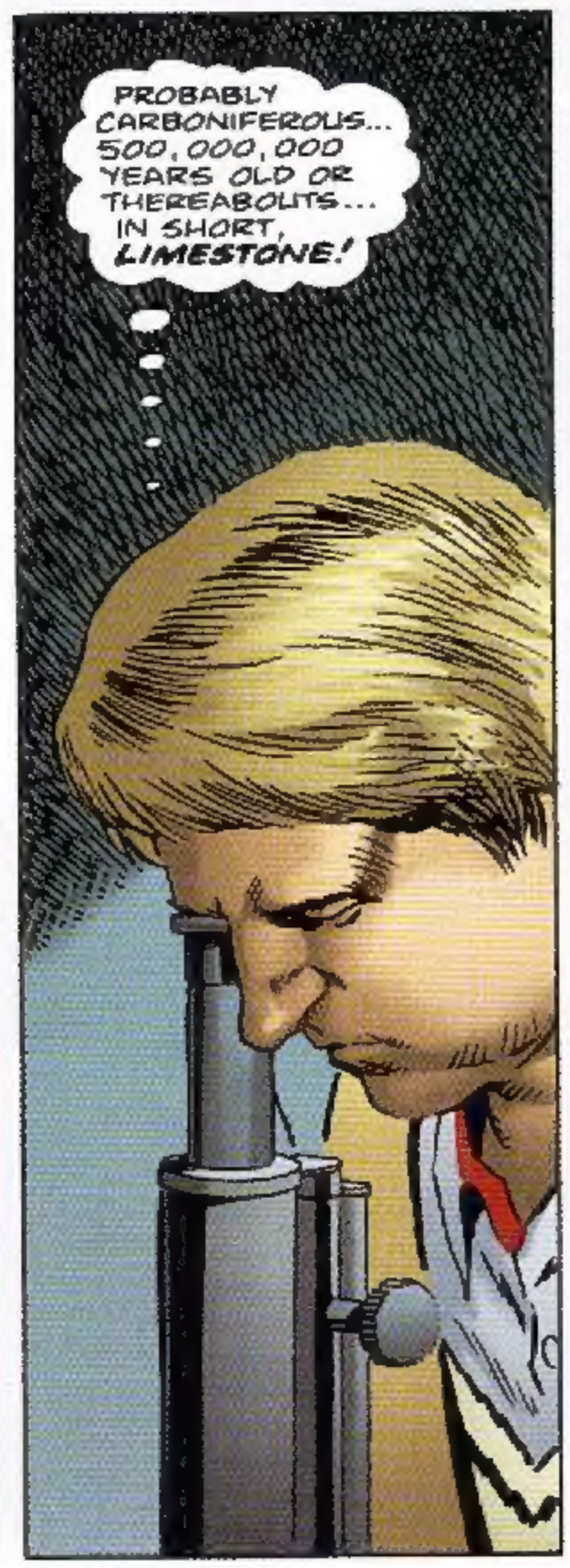

ARE YOU LYING TO ME!
VWorp?

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON HERE... I CAN SENSE SOMETHING RESENTFUL, ALMOST REBELLIOUS ABOUT THE TARDIS...
ALMOST AS IF IT'S BEEN OUT PLAYING BY ITSELF WITHOUT MY PERMISSION...

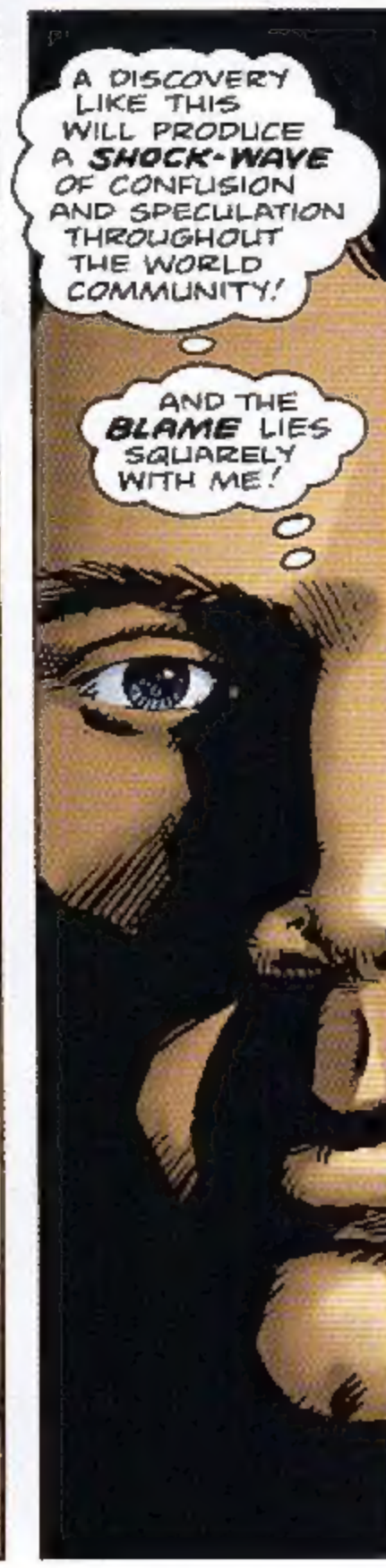
A SAMPLE OF THIS MUD FOR ANALYSIS SHOULD CLARIFY MATTERS...

IN A SMALL LABORATORY, DEEP IN THE TARDIS INTERIOR, THE DOCTOR MADE UP A THIN SOLUTION OF MUD AND WATER AND DROPPED IT ONTO A SLIDE...

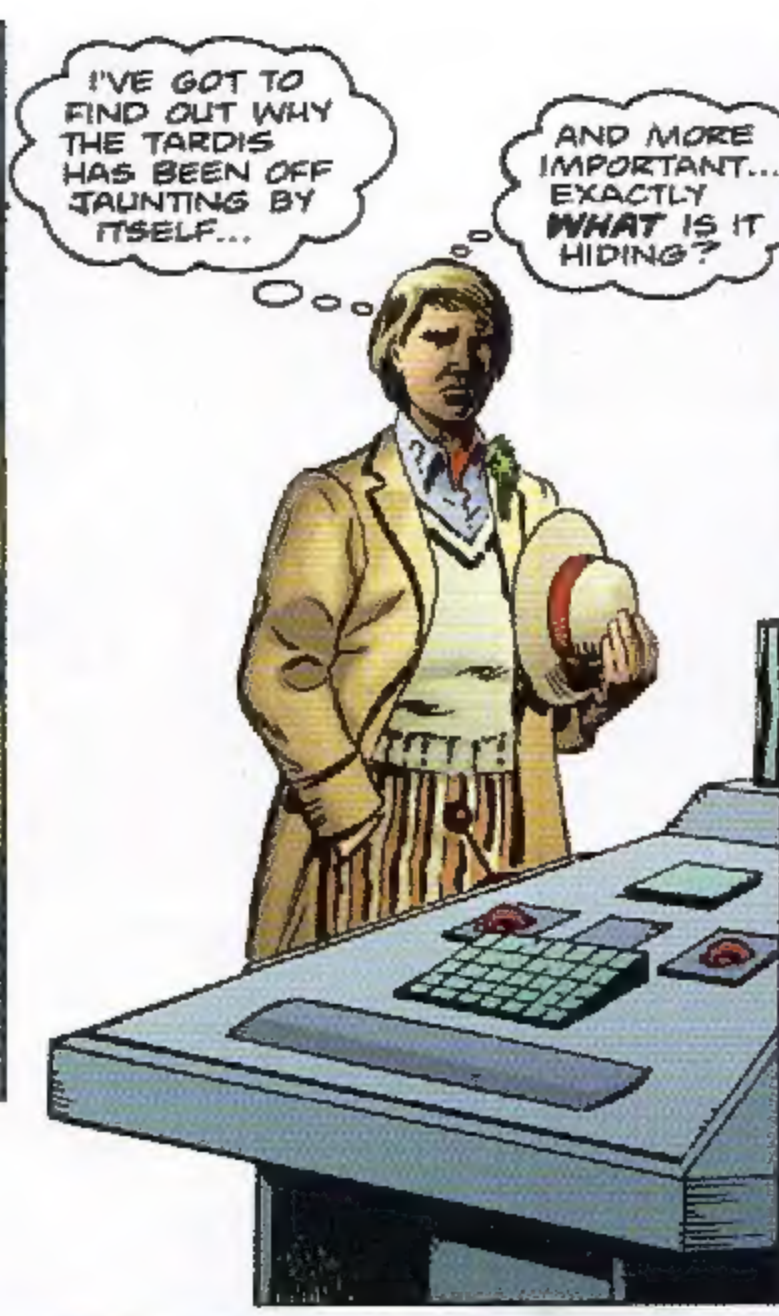
HMMM...JUST WHAT I EXPECTED REALLY...TINY CORAL-LIKE FOSSILS...THE BASIS OF SEDIMENTARY ROCK...


PROBABLY CARBONIFEROUS... 500,000,000 YEARS OLD OR THEREABOUTS... IN SHORT, LIMESTONE!

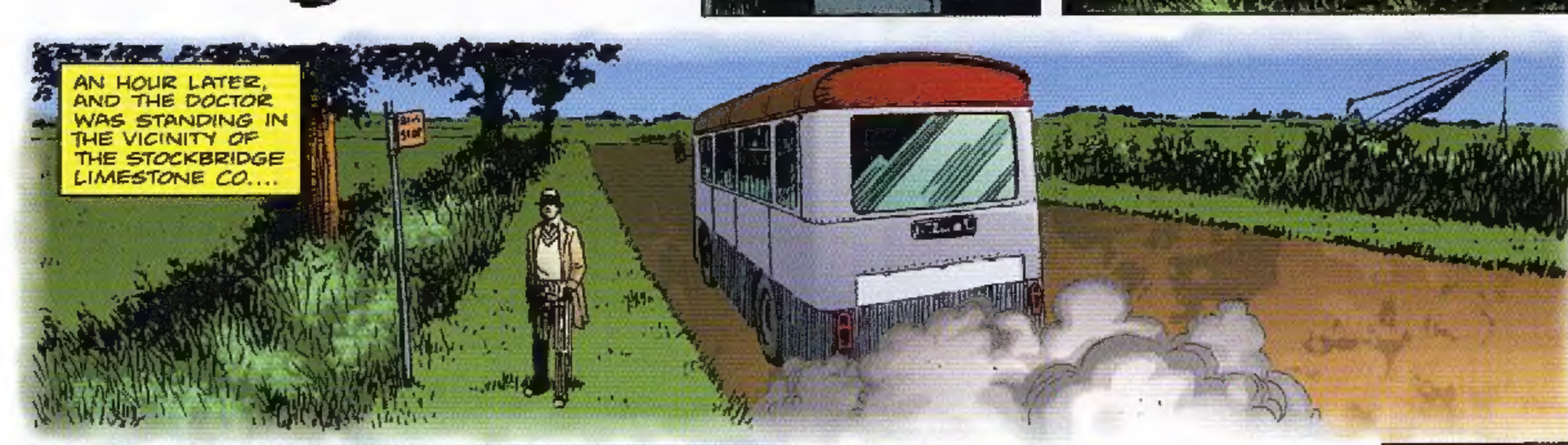
WHAT APPEARS TO BE A MAN-MADE OBJECT, IN SEDIMENTARY ROCK OF THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD, BEFORE LIFE AS TERRESTRIALS KNOW IT HAD EVOLVED!


A DISCOVERY LIKE THIS WILL PRODUCE A SHOCK-WAVE OF CONFUSION AND SPECULATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD COMMUNITY!
AND THE BLAME LIES SQUARELY WITH ME!

WHAT ON EARTH DO I DO NOW??
WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE OTHER TIME-LORDS FIND OUT?
I MUST GET OVER TO THE QUARRY... AND MAKE A FINAL CHECK!


I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY THE TARDIS HAS BEEN OFF JAUNTING BY ITSELF...
AND MORE IMPORTANT... EXACTLY WHAT IS IT HIDING?

UNTIL I DO, IT WILL HAVE TO STAY HERE FOR A WHILE. AND I HOPE IT DOESN'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!


AN HOUR LATER, AND THE DOCTOR WAS STANDING IN THE VICINITY OF THE STOCKBRIDGE LIMESTONE CO....

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS...
TRY AND LOOK AS IF I OWN THE PLACE!

BUT, BEFORE HE HAD GONE TOO FAR...
HELLO... CAN I HELP YOU?
YES... POSSIBLY... I'M, ER... INTERESTED IN GEOLOGY, YOU SEE. I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE FOUND SOMETHING... UNUSUAL!

OH, YOU MEAN THE POLICE BOX!
POLICE BOX???
IT'S CAUSED QUITE A STIR, I CAN TELL YOU... ALL KINDS OF EXPERTS DROPPING IN...

I BELIEVE THERE'S EVEN SOME KIND OF SECURITY CLAMPDOWN UNTIL THEY GET IT SORTED OUT...
ANYWAY, THIS ISN'T THE QUARRY...THIS IS THE MANUFACTURING PLANT. EVEN IF YOU WENT THERE, IT'S UNLIKELY THEY'D LET YOU IN...

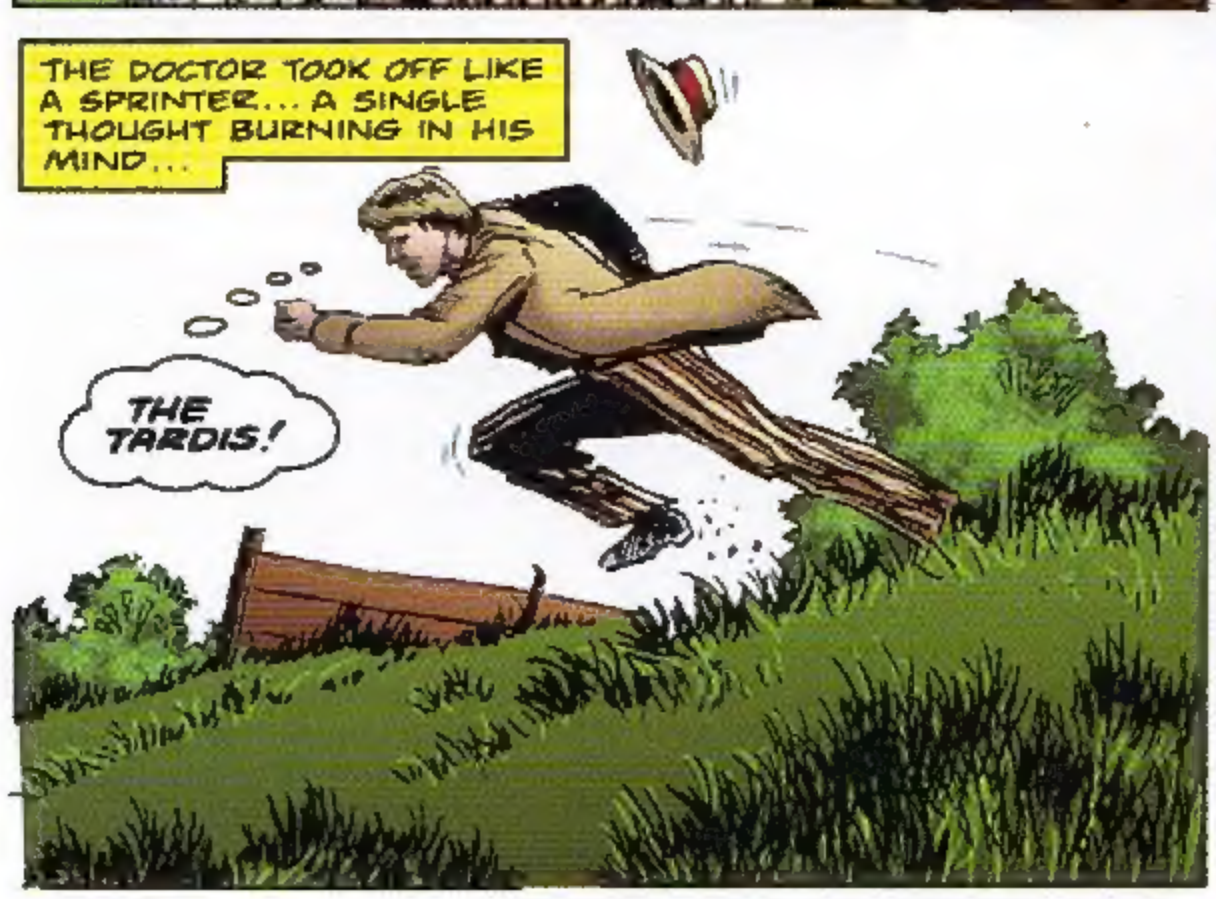
DRAT! THE LAST THING I WANT IS TO GET MIXED UP WITH SECURITY PEOPLE...
I'M FEELING INSECURE ENOUGH AS IT IS!

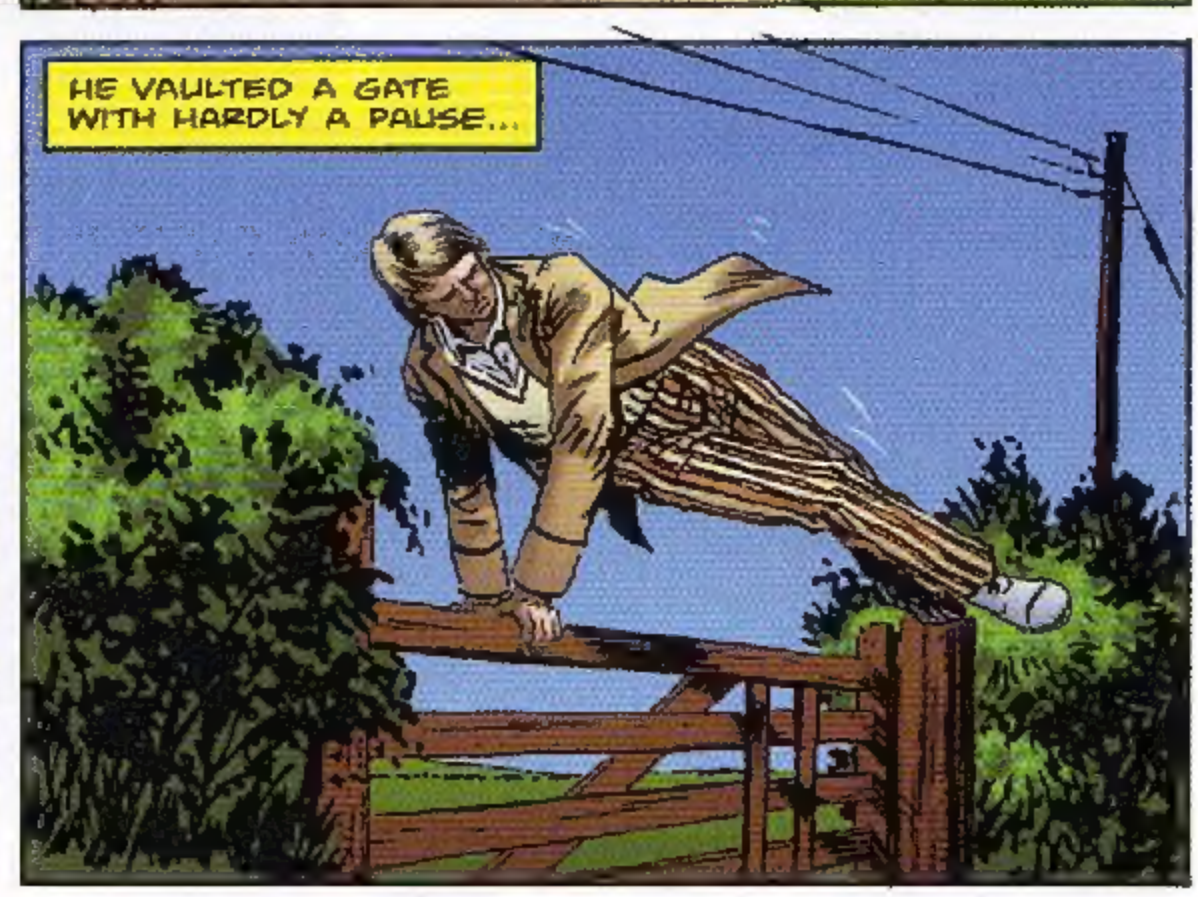
SO, FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON, THE DOCTOR MADE HIS WAY HOME... TROUBLED AND DEEP IN THOUGHT
WHY COULDN'T I JUST STAY OUT OF TROUBLE LIKE YOU, EH?

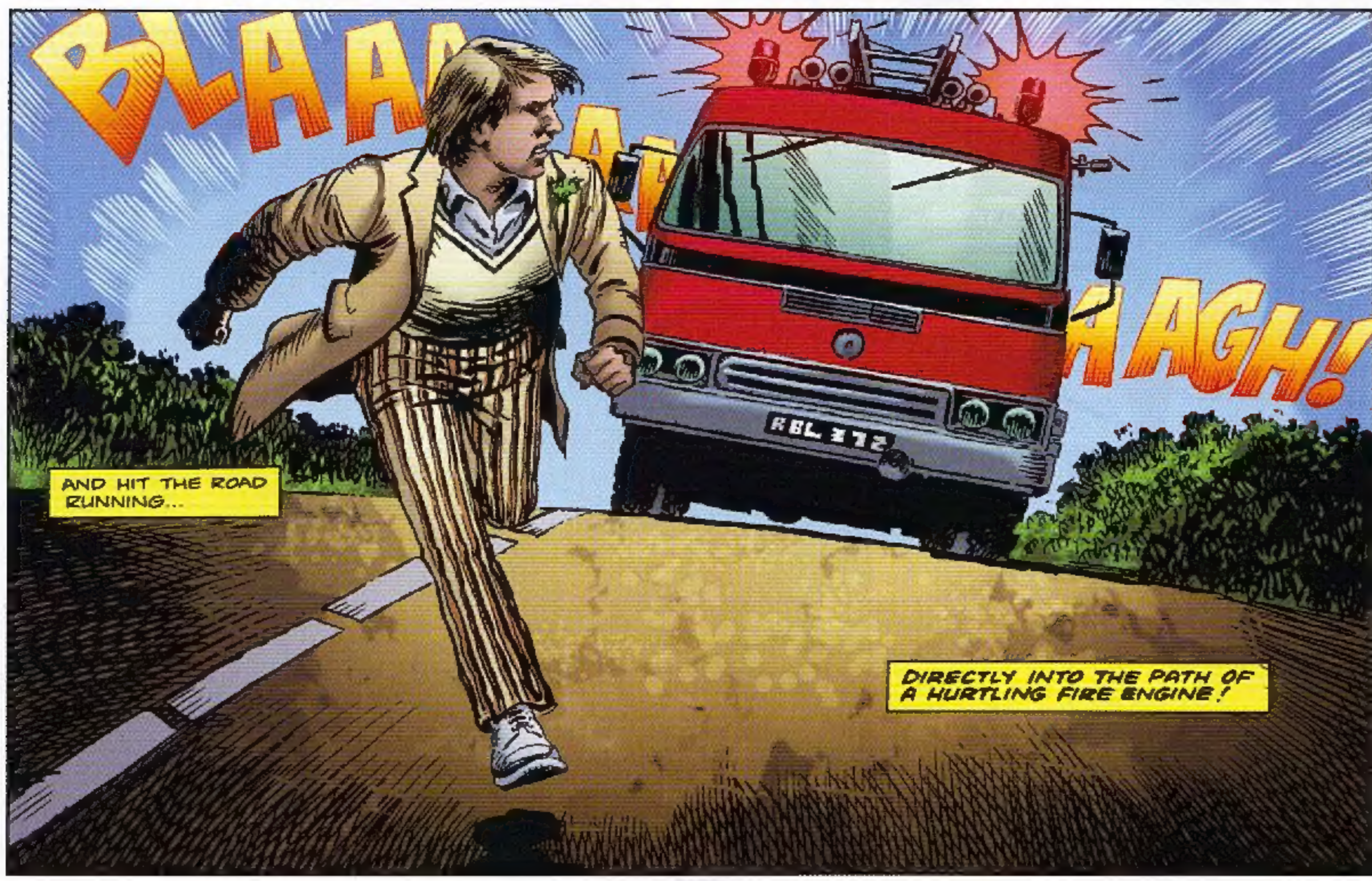
LIVING A QUIET, MINDLESS EXISTENCE IN SOME GREEN MEADOW...

PARDON ME... BUT COULD YOU DIRECT ME BACK TO STOCKBRIDGE? I SEEM TO BE LOST! AN UNFORTUNATE, BUT QUITE NORMAL STATE OF AFFAIRS!

AH, I SEE... IT'S DOWN THERE, IS IT. THANK YOU SO KINDLY...
JUST A MINUTE... I KNOW WHERE I AM NOW...
THAT'S WELLS WOOD DOWN THERE...
...AND IT'S ON FIRE!

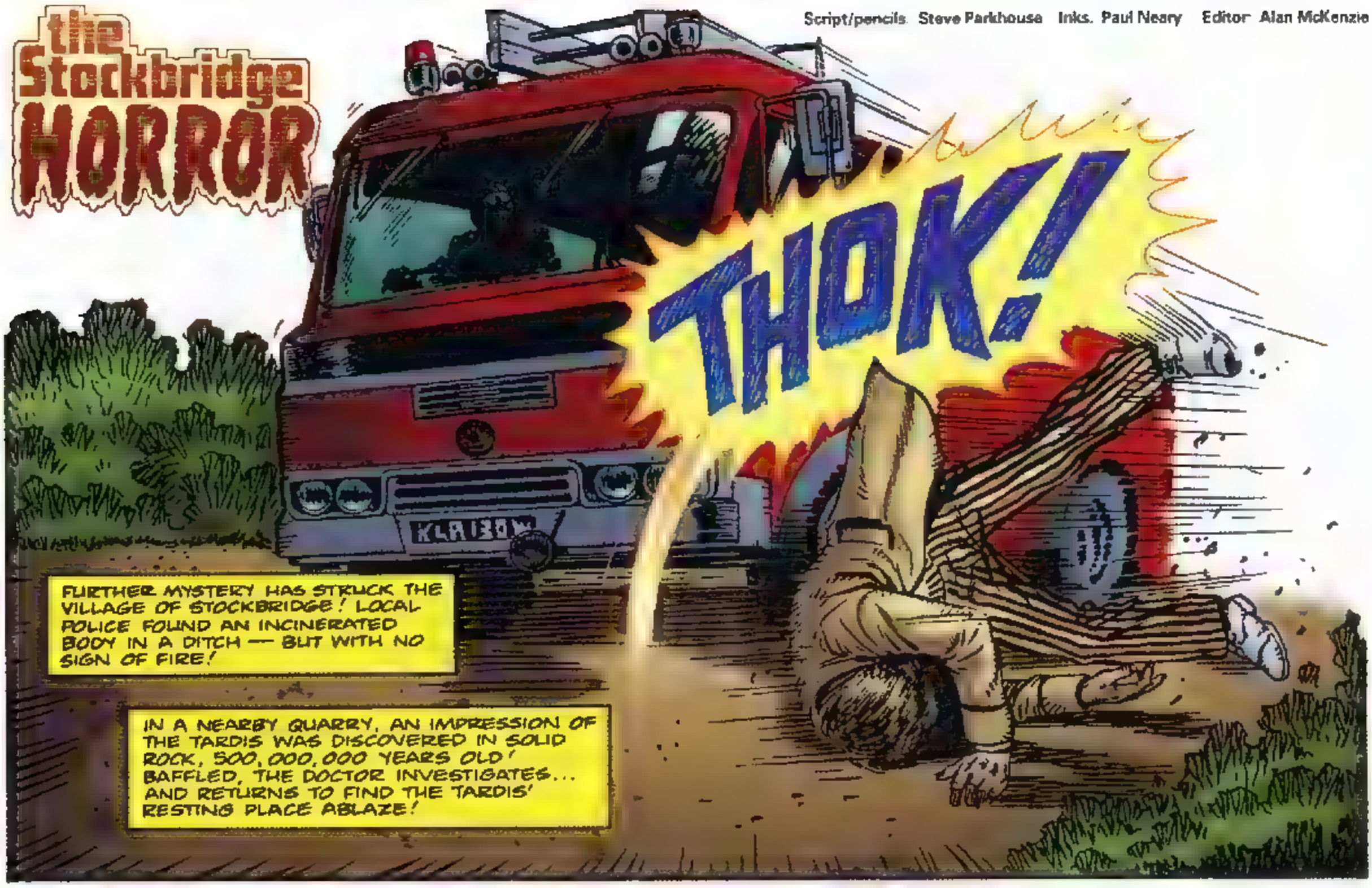

THE DOCTOR TOOK OFF LIKE A SPRINTER... A SINGLE THOUGHT BURNING IN HIS MIND...
THE TARDIS!

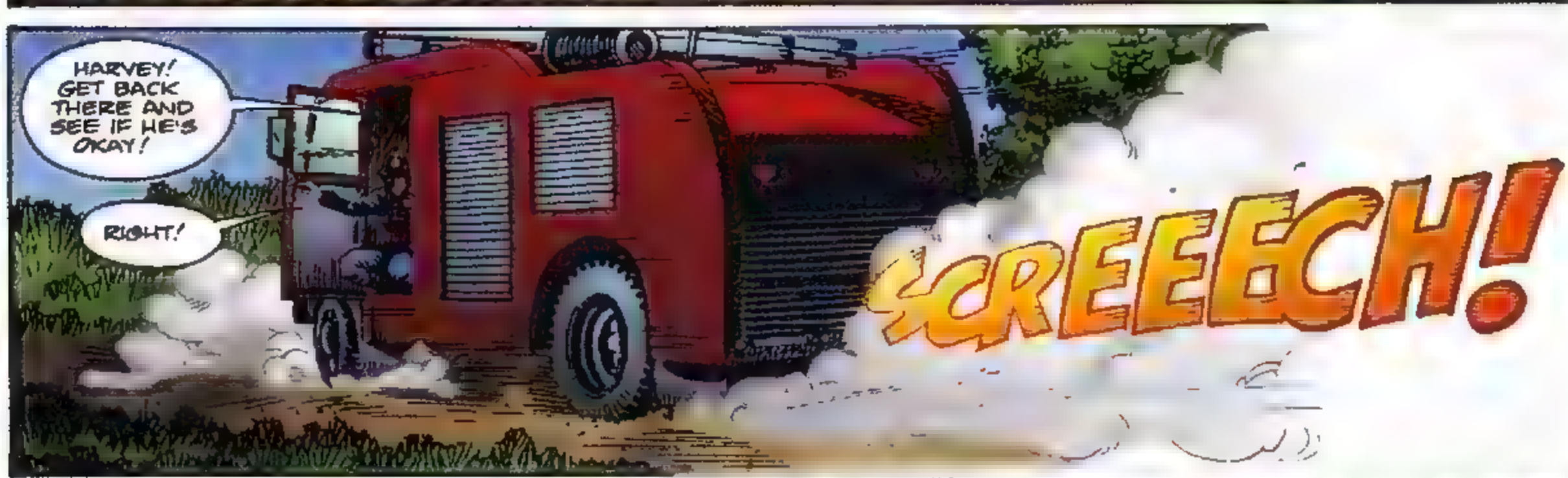

HE VAULTED A GATE WITH HARDLY A PAUSE...


BLAA
AGH!
AND HIT THE ROAD RUNNING...
DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF A HURTLING FIRE ENGINE!

the Stockbridge HORROR

Script/pencils: Steve Parkhouse Inks: Paul Neary Editor: Alan McKenzie

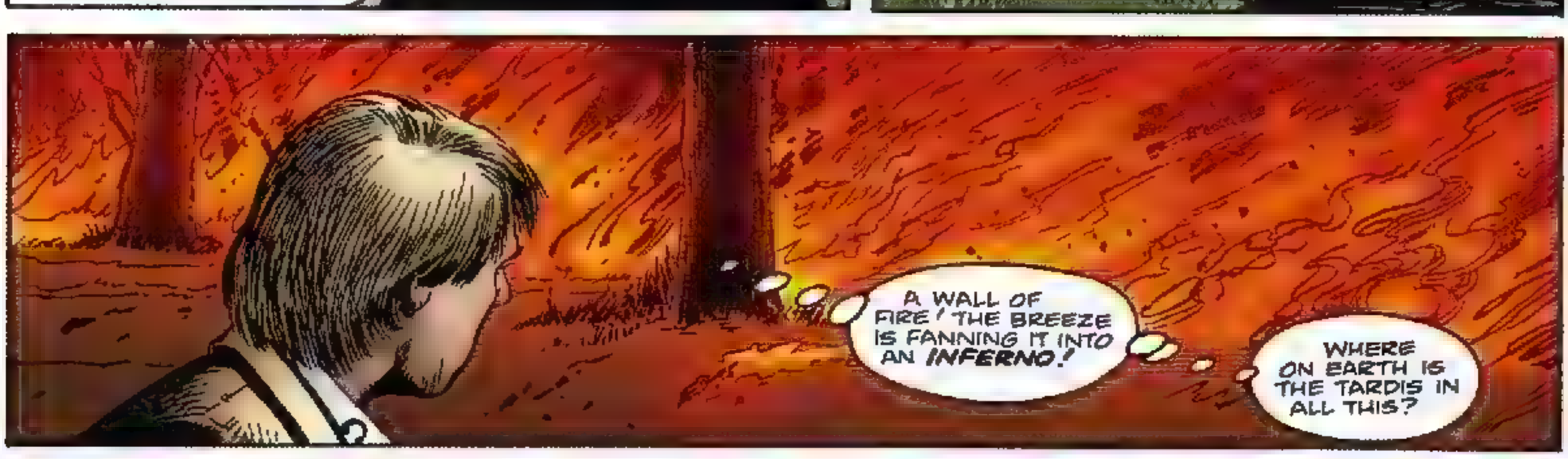




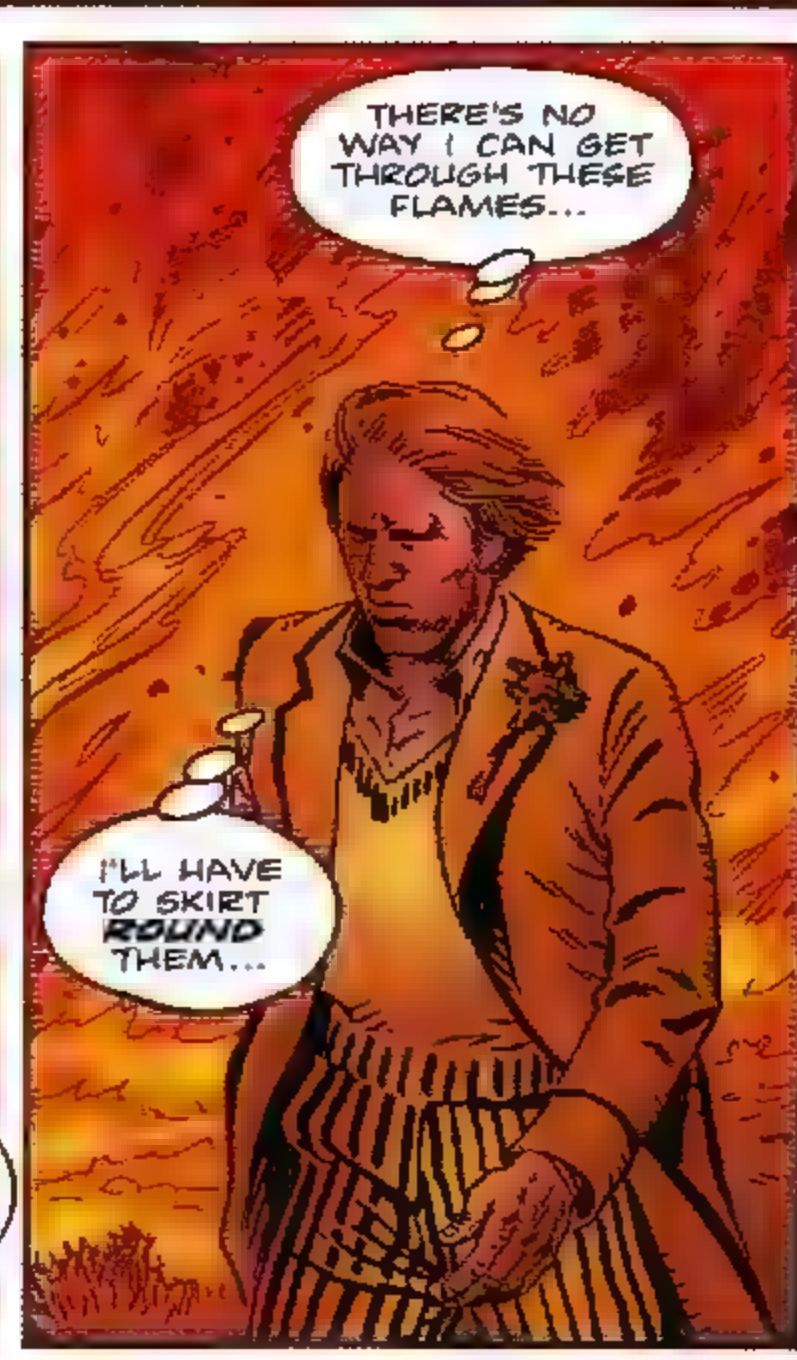
OH, NO! NOW THE ENGINE'S GONE OFF AND LEFT ME!

AND THAT POOR BLIGHTER'S MADE IT OFF INTO THE WOODS...
I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, OR THE CHIEF'LL HAVE MY GUTS FOR GARTERS...

THE DOCTOR STUMBLED THROUGH THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, MUSTERING ALL HIS PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RESOURCES TO OVERCOME THE PAIN IN HIS BATTERED BODY...
AND ALREADY HE COULD FEEL THE HEAT ON HIS FACE...AND THE SHARP SMELL OF WOODSMOKE FILLED HIS NOSTRILS...


A WALL OF FIRE! THE BREEZE IS FANNING IT INTO AN INFERNO!
WHERE ON EARTH IS THE TARDIS IN ALL THIS?

THERE! THE FLAMES HAVEN'T REACHED IT YET!
I'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF HERE...THE PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH FIREMEN...


THERE'S NO WAY I CAN GET THROUGH THESE FLAMES...
I'LL HAVE TO SKIRT ROUND THEM...

THEN THE FEAR HIT HIM... A PALPABLE, TANGIBLE FORCE DEEP IN HIS STOMACH...
A LIVING HAND GRASPED HIS INNARDS, A WRENCHING, TWISTING TERROR THAT DOUBLED HIM UP...

THROUGH THE INFERNO A DARK SHAPE EMERGED .. LIKE THAT OF A MAN, BUT NOT WHOLLY HUMAN...
A BEING WHO WALKED IN FIRE, YET WAS NOT CONSUMED.
SHAYDE... SHAYDE... IS THAT YOU?
IT'S NOT YOU... IS IT? WHO IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU?
A FIRE-GOD, A LORD OF THE FOREST FROM WHOSE DARK INTERIOR FEAR BURST FORTH LIKE THUNDER...
FEAR, FIRE AND LIGHTNING WERE HIS TO COMMAND...
THE DOCTOR STOOD IMMOBILISED AS THE FIRE SEARED HIM IN ITS PASSING...

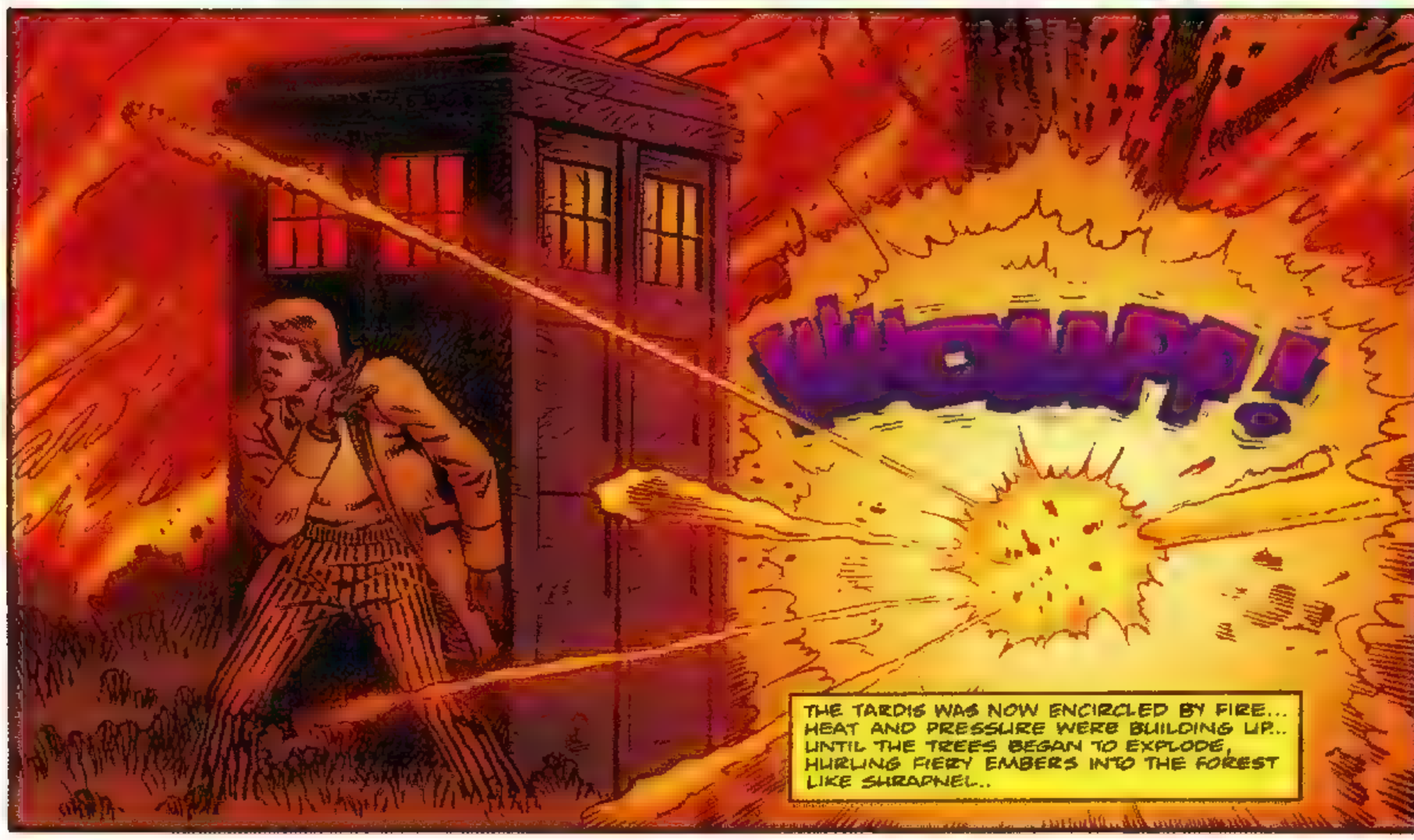
STRIDING THROUGH THE SMOKING RUIN THAT WAS WELLS WOOD, THE CREATURE PAUSED BRIEFLY...
...APPEARING TO SUMMON ENERGY FOR A FINAL BLAST..

WHEN...
HEY! I WOULDN'T GO ANY FURTHER IN THERE IF I WERE YOU!

LOOK...WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK WITH ME? YOU MAY NEED A DOCTOR OR SOMETHING...
JUST A SEC...YOU'RE NOT HIM...

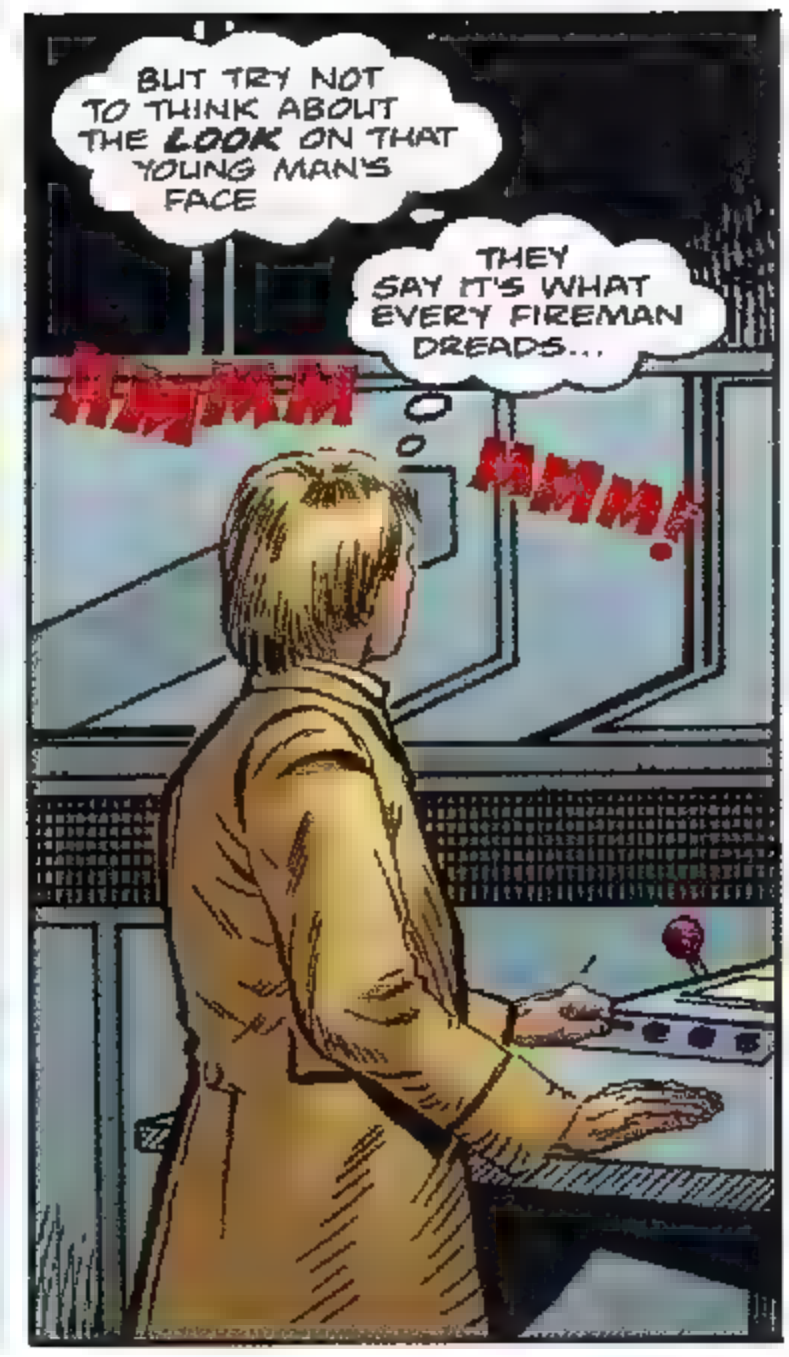
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING...NO... GET AWAY FROM ME...PLEASE...I...

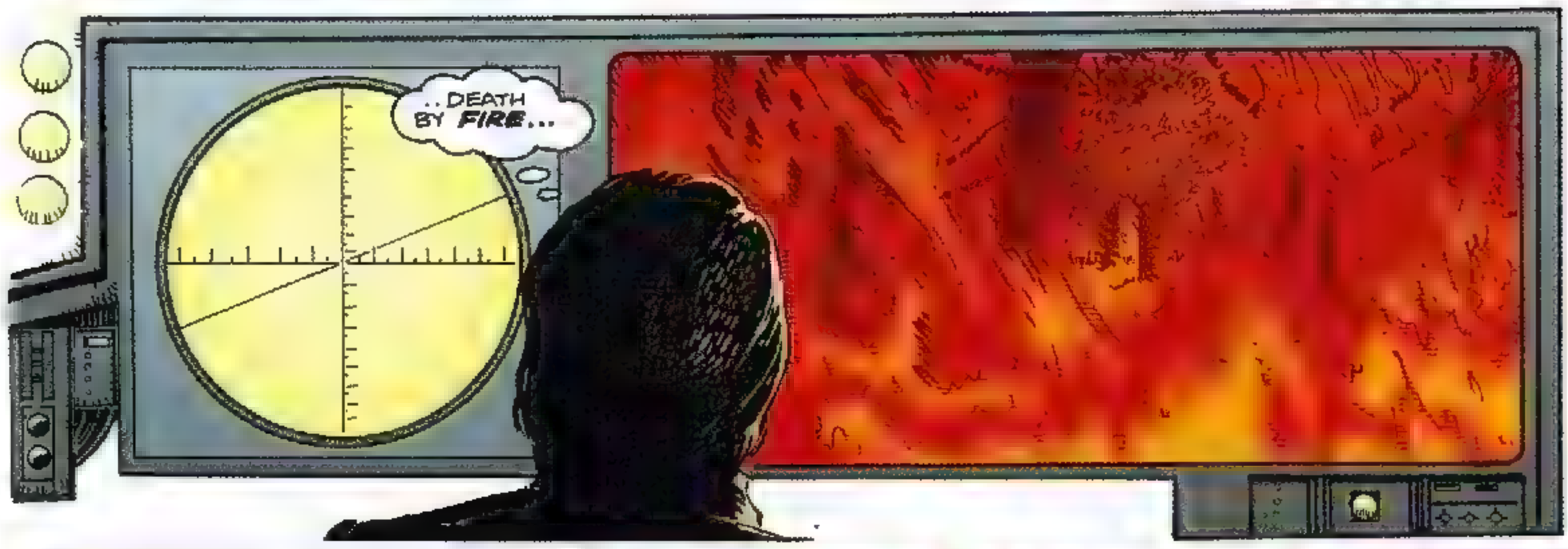
AAAAGGHH!


THE TARDIS WAS NOW ENCIRCLED BY FIRE... HEAT AND PRESSURE WERE BUILDING UP... UNTIL THE TREES BEGAN TO EXPLODE, HURLING FIERY EMBERS INTO THE FOREST LIKE SHRAPNEL..

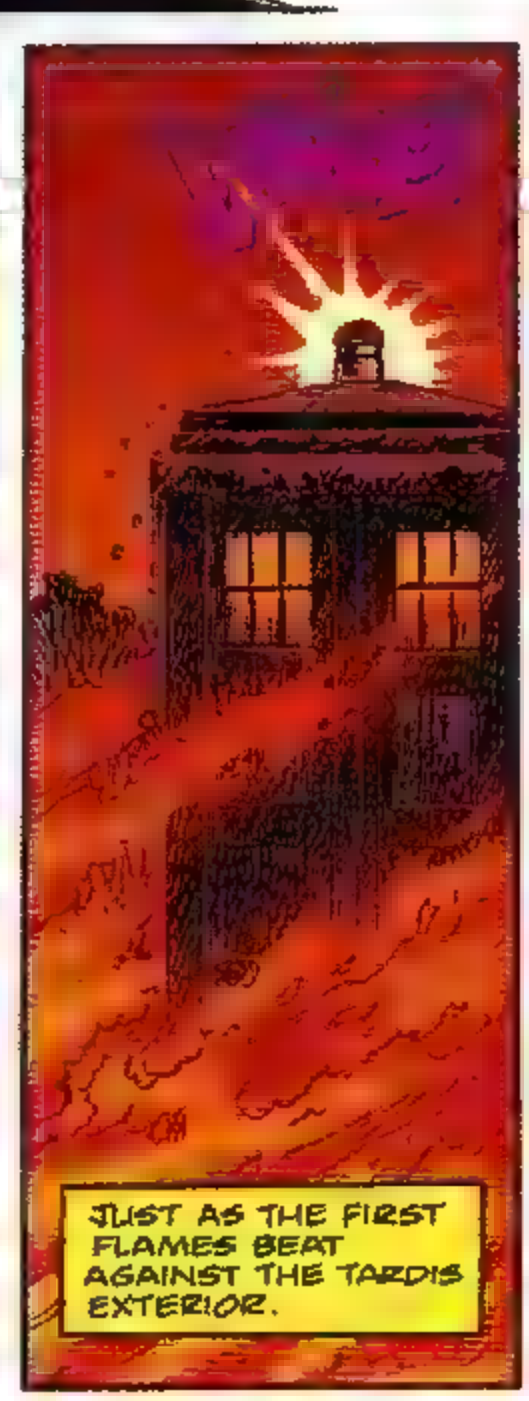
IT'S TIME TO LEAVE... I'M OUT OF MY DEPTH HERE... IT'S ALL HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY...

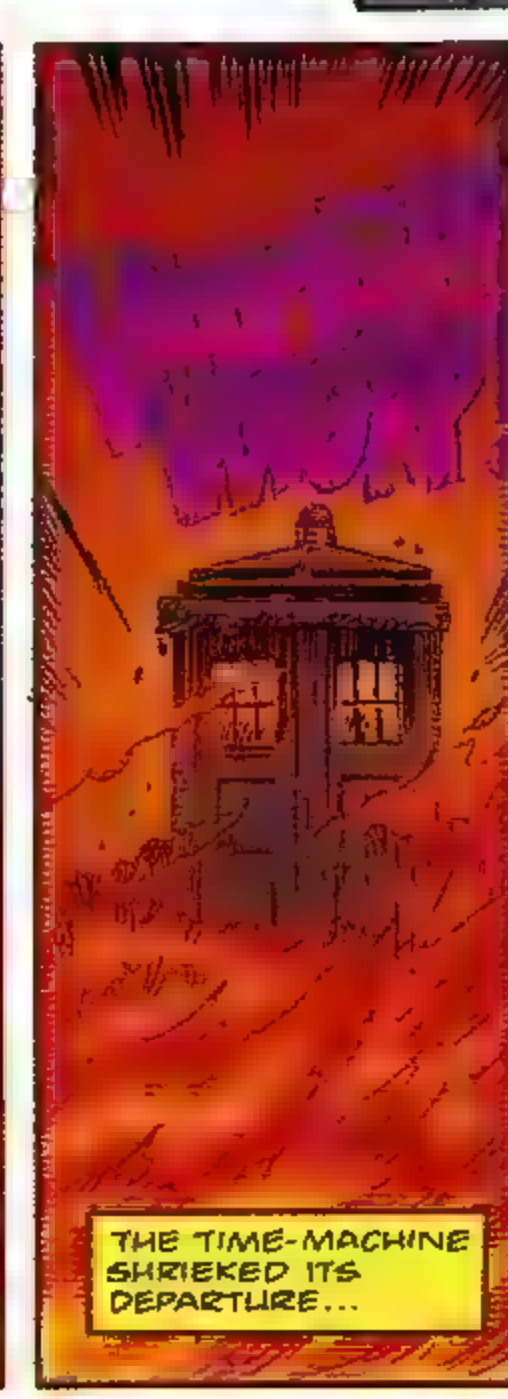
CALL IT A TACTICAL RETREAT... A STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL.. CALL IT ANYTHING...
click


BUT TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE LOOK ON THAT YOUNG MAN'S FACE
THEY SAY IT'S WHAT EVERY FIREMAN DREADS...
BAMM!


..DEATH BY FIRE...

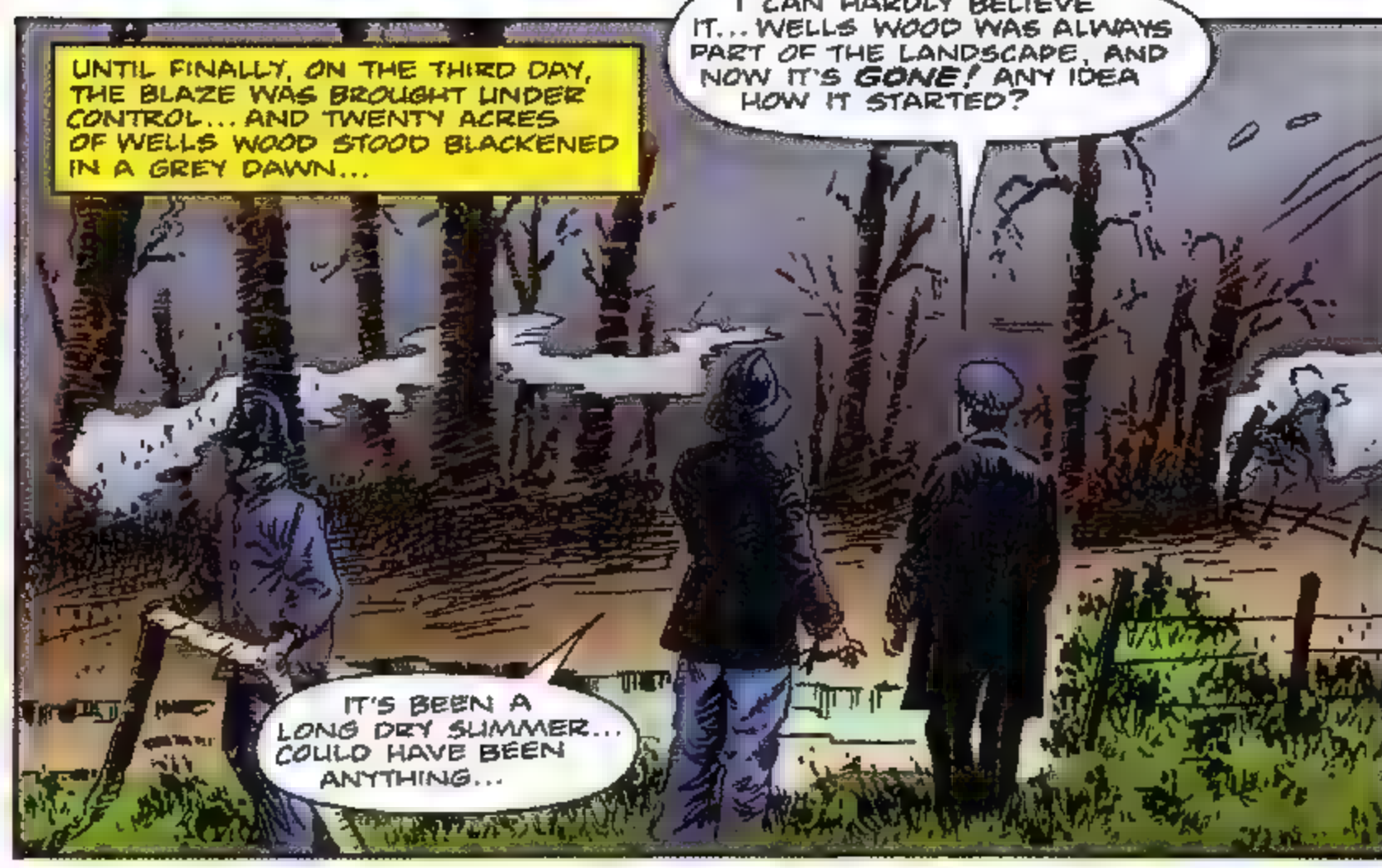
THEN PAIN AND FATIGUE TOOK HIM...SENDING HIM DOWN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND DARK DESPAIR...
AND AS HE FELL, HIS ARM NUDGED A LEVER ON THE CONSOLE...


JUST AS THE FIRST FLAMES BEAT AGAINST THE TARDIS EXTERIOR.


THE TIME-MACHINE SHRIEKED ITS DEPARTURE...

AND FADED FROM SIGHT AS GALLONS OF WATER HIT THE FLAMES...

FOR TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS THE FIRE RAGED...


UNTIL FINALLY, ON THE THIRD DAY, THE BLAZE WAS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL... AND TWENTY ACRES OF WELLS WOOD STOOD BLACKENED IN A GREY DAWN...
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT... WELLS WOOD WAS ALWAYS PART OF THE LANDSCAPE, AND NOW IT'S GONE! ANY IDEA HOW IT STARTED?
IT'S BEEN A LONG DRY SUMMER... COULD HAVE BEEN ANYTHING...

WE'VE JUST HAD A CORONER'S REPORT IN... AN OLD TRAMP BURNED TO DEATH...
I HOPE WE HAVEN'T GOT A PYROMANIAC ON OUR HANDS!

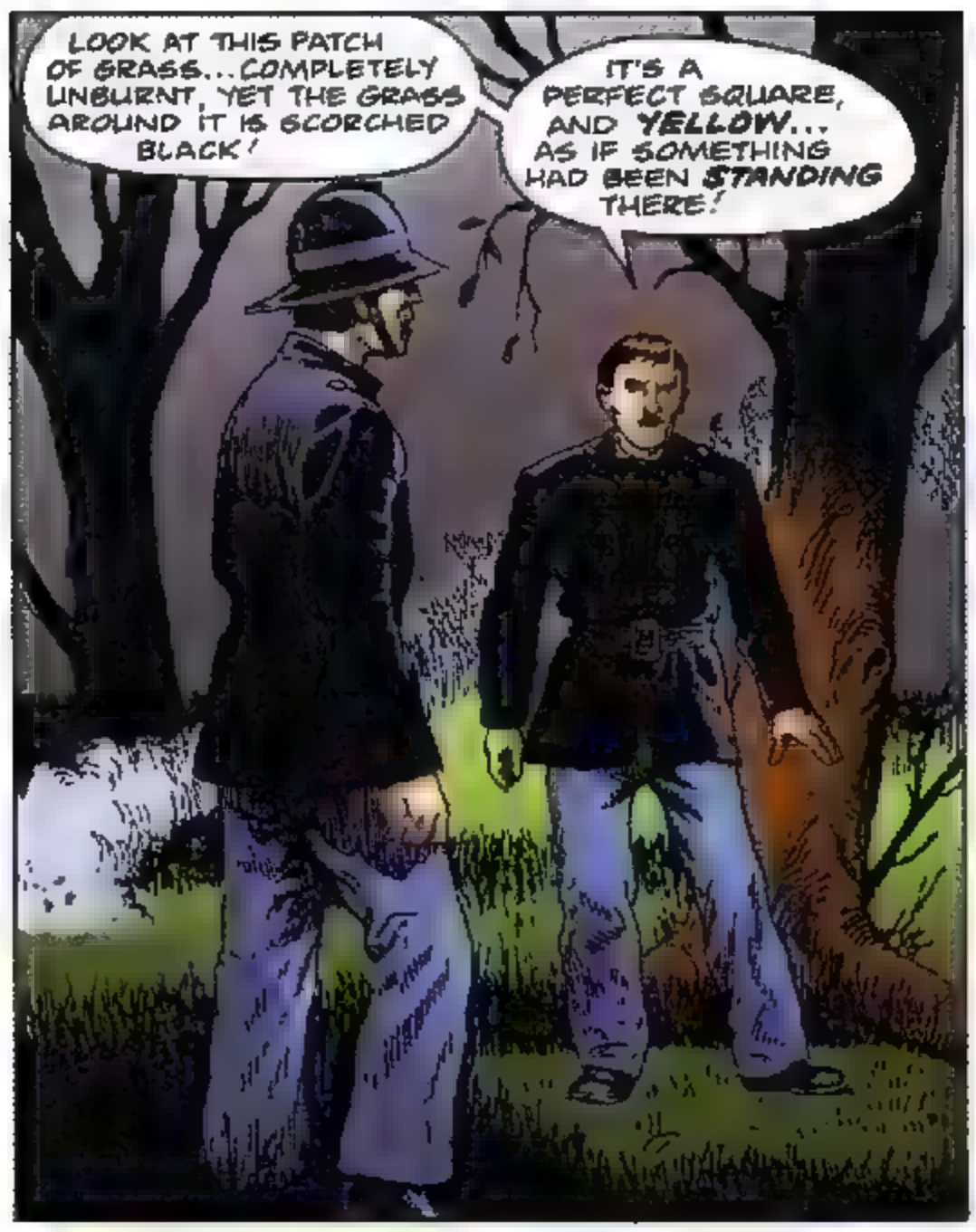
SIR! OVER HERE...

THERE'S A BODY IN THE BUSHES, SIR... IT'S ONE OF OUR LADS...
WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM...

WHO IS HE? WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?
IT'S YOUNG JOHN HARVEY... A STOCKBRIDGE LAD... HE WAS IN ONE OF THE FIRST CREWS TO ARRIVE...
BUT HE WENT MISSING AFTER AN ACCIDENT ON THE ROAD...
HE MUST HAVE GOT HIMSELF CUT OFF...

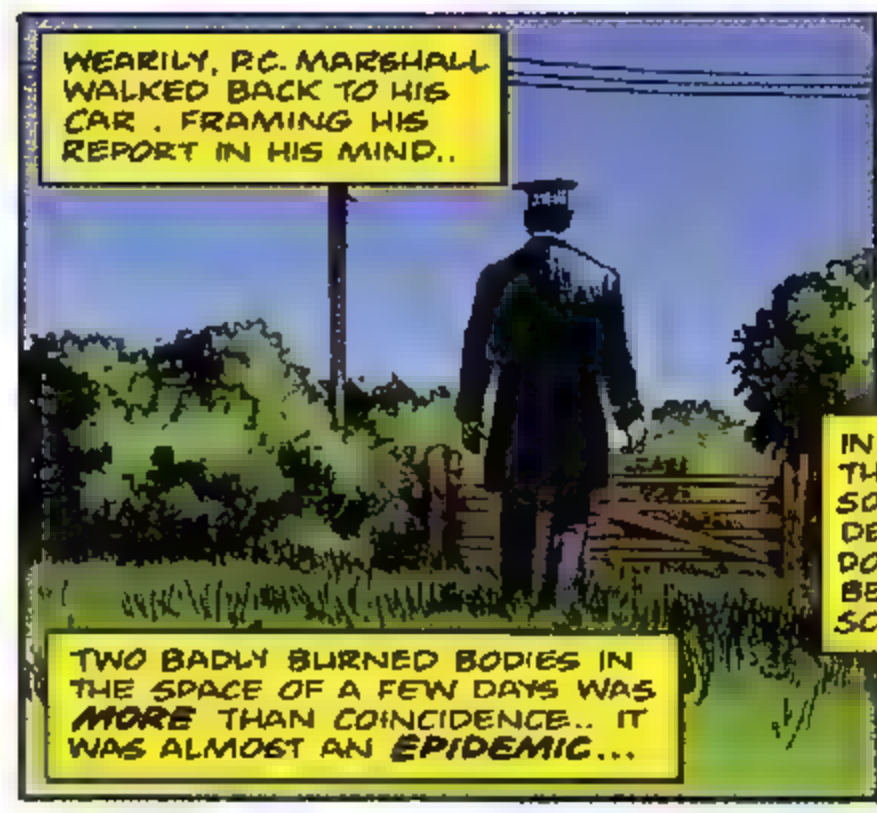
BUT THE TREES HERE ARE UNTOUCHED BY THE FIRE..
JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME... THE BODY IN THE DITCH...

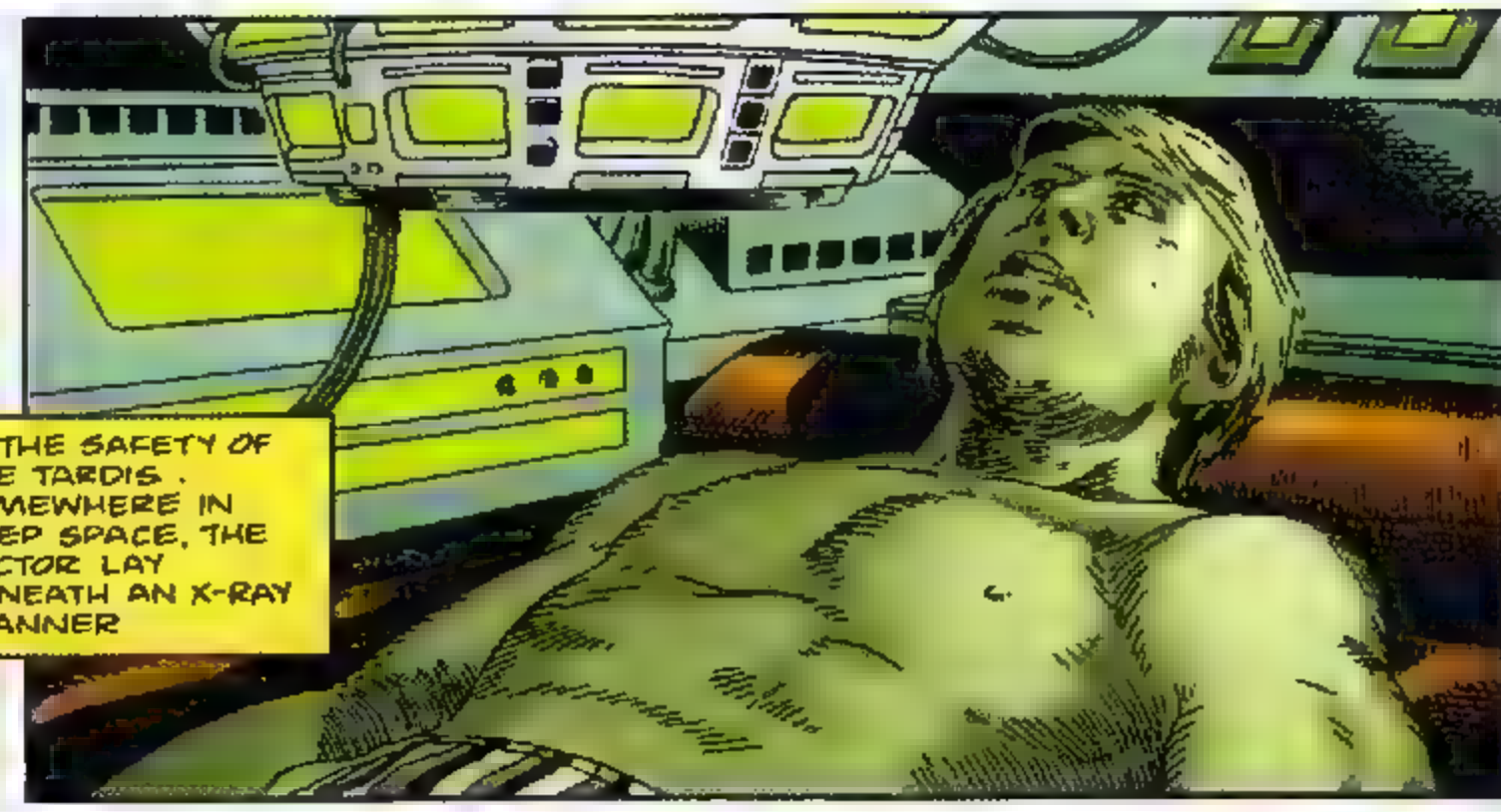
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE HERE, SIR... COME AND LOOK AT THIS!

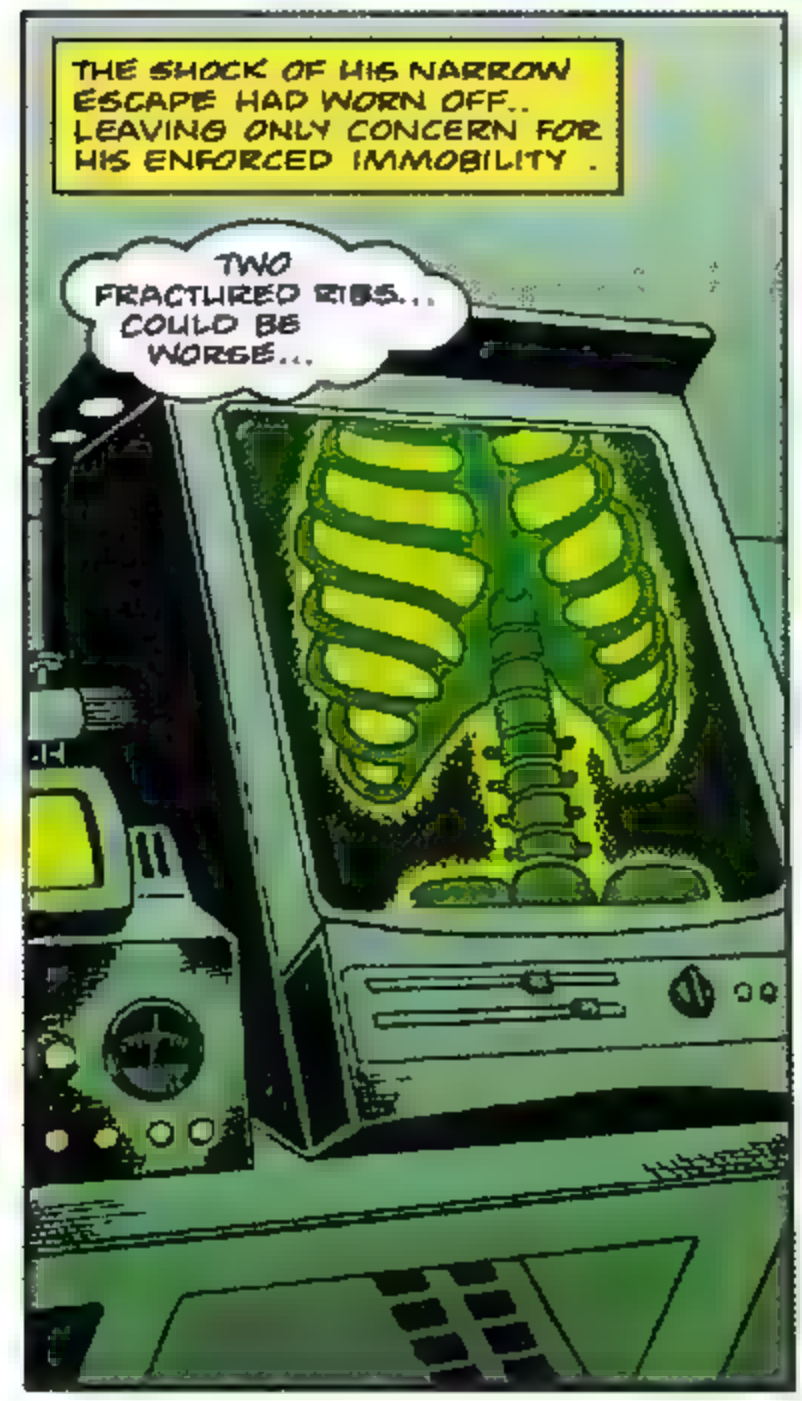

LOOK AT THIS PATCH OF GRASS...COMPLETELY UNBURNT, YET THE GRASS AROUND IT IS SCORCHED BLACK!
IT'S A PERFECT SQUARE, AND YELLOW... AS IF SOMETHING HAD BEEN STANDING THERE!

THE PLOT THICKENS, EH?
THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE FOR YOU BLOKES .WE'VE DONE OUR BIT...

GET OUT YOUR MAGNIFYING GLASS AND GET STARTED ON THIS LOT...


WEARILY, P.C. MARSHALL WALKED BACK TO HIS CAR . FRAMING HIS REPORT IN HIS MIND..
TWO BADLY BURNED BODIES IN THE SPACE OF A FEW DAYS WAS MORE THAN COINCIDENCE.. IT WAS ALMOST AN EPIDEMIC...


IN THE SAFETY OF THE TARDIS . SOMEWHERE IN DEEP SPACE, THE DOCTOR LAY BENEATH AN X-RAY SCANNER


THE SHOCK OF HIS NARROW ESCAPE HAD WORN OFF.. LEAVING ONLY CONCERN FOR HIS ENFORCED IMMOBILITY .
TWO FRACTURED RIBS... COULD BE WORSE...

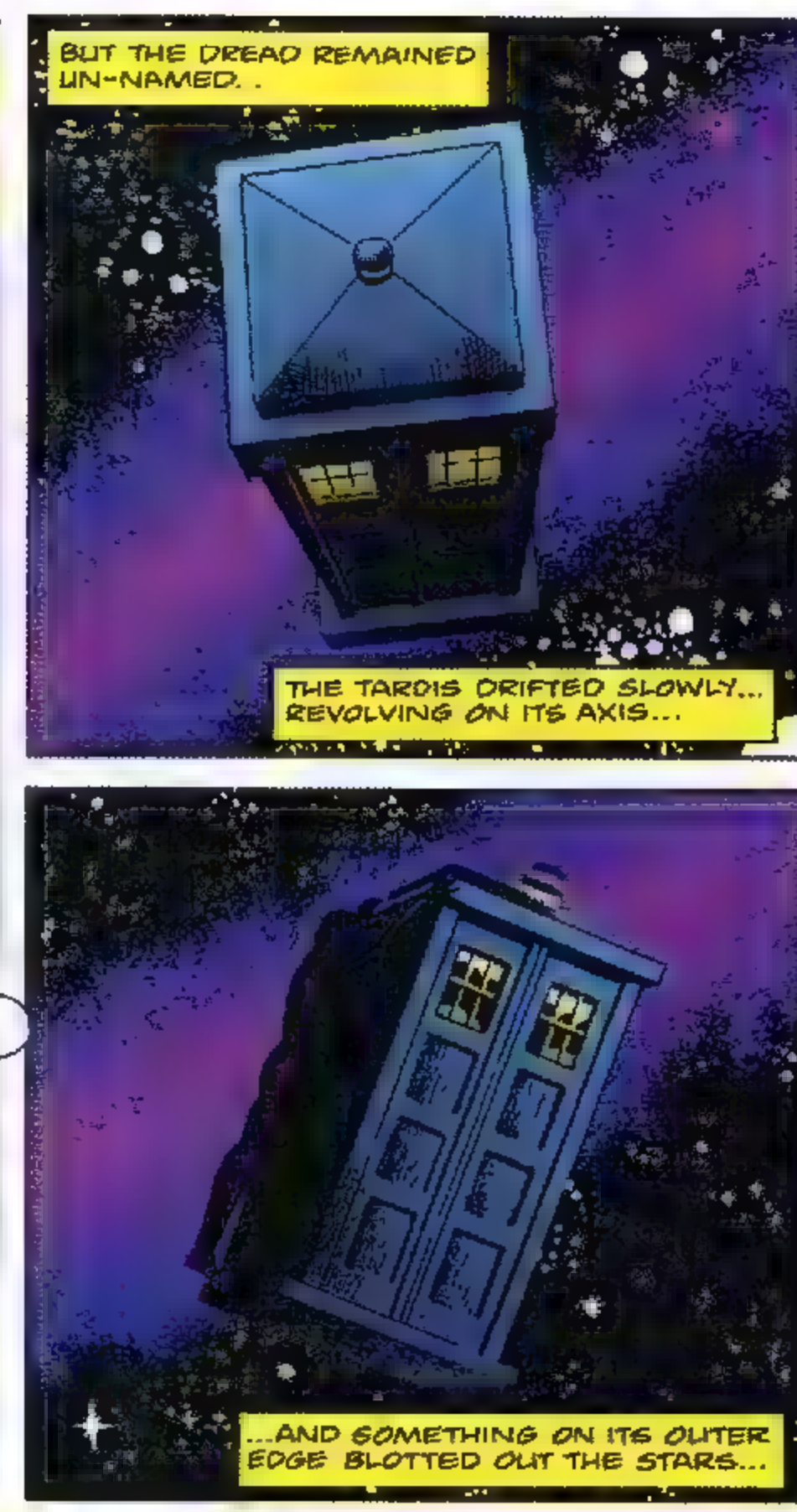
NOTHING ELSE BROKEN... SEVERELY BRUISED SHOULDER... BEGINNING TO STIFFEN UP...

I NEED REST.. BUT MY MIND WON'T LET GO OF THAT... THAT THING I SAW IN THE WOODS...
LIKE SOME KIND OF MONSTER!

SLEEP.. I MUST SLEEP, TRY AND FORGET IT...
AT LEAST FOR A WHILE...
?

BUT THEN, ECHOING THROUGH THE TARDIS..
THOMM!

AND THE DOCTOR WAS SUDDENLY AFRAID AGAIN.. AS IF POISED ON THE EDGE OF AN ABYSS.
I'M ALONE!
ALONE IN A VOID! NOWHERE TO GO TO ESCAPE THIS...THIS..


BUT THE DREAD REMAINED UN-NAMED..
THE TARDIS DRIFTED SLOWLY... REVOLVING ON ITS AXIS...
...AND SOMETHING ON ITS OUTER EDGE BLOTTED OUT THE STARS...

SOMETHING THAT CLUNG LIKE A CLIMBER TO A ROCK-FACE... OR A PREDATOR TO ITS PREY...
SOMETHING HUGE AND DARK.. SOMETHING LIKE FEAR ITSELF... MASSIVELY, INEXORABLY INCHING ITS WAY ALONG THE LEDGE... GAINING A FOOTHOLD...
.. SEEKING ENTRANCE!

the Stockbridge HORROR

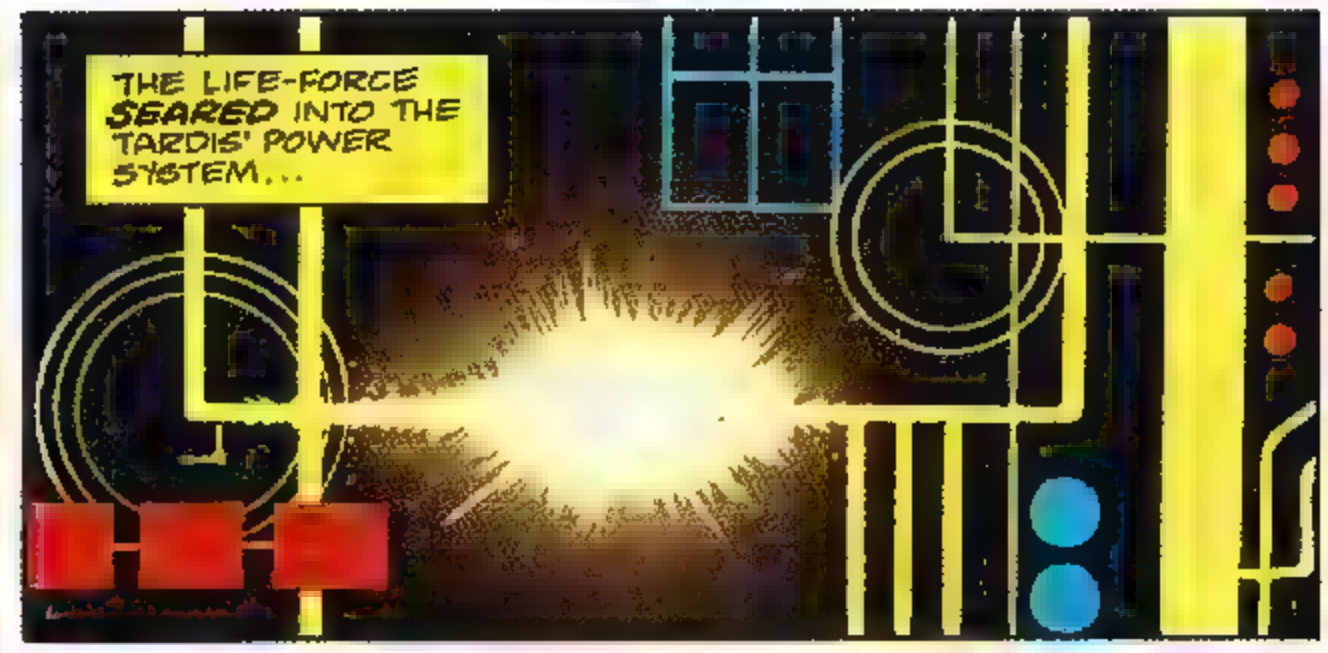
IN THE COLD REACHES OF SPACE, A FIRE BURNED... NOT THE ETERNAL FIRE OF STARS, BUT THE FIERCE FLAME OF **HATE**... AND AWESOME **NEED**...

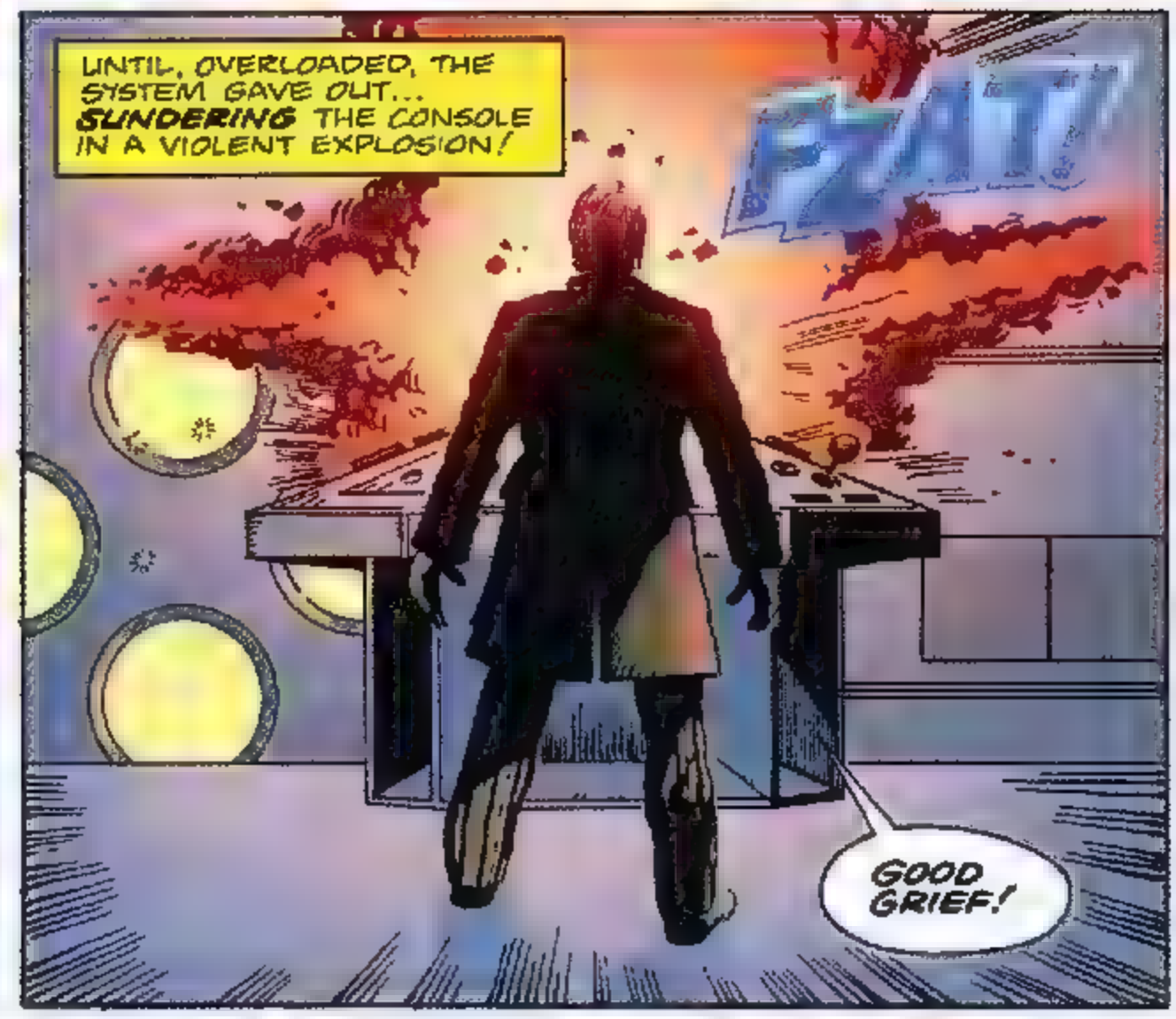
A CREATURE SOUGHT ENTRANCE TO THE TARDIS... A BEING WITH NO NAME, NO MIND, NO HEART...

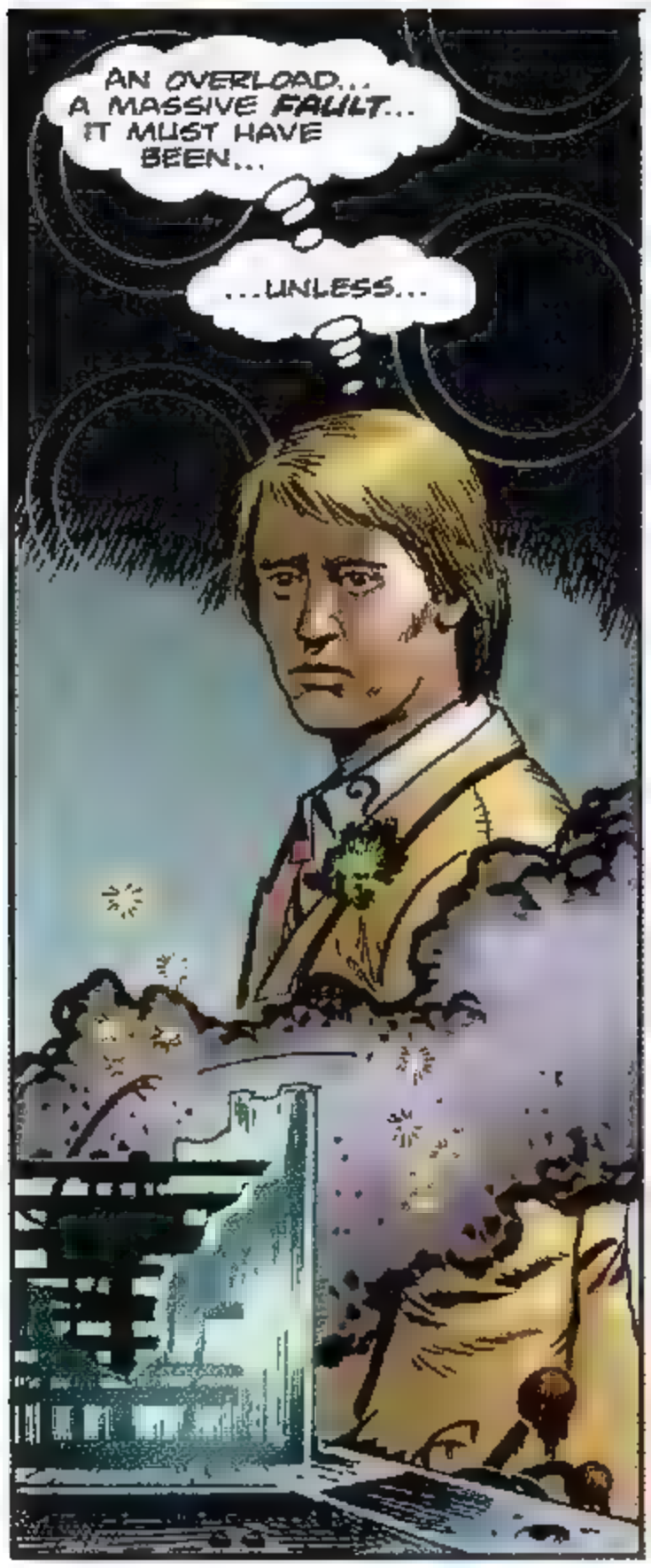
AND NO THOUGHT FOR THE MAN INSIDE, THE DOCTOR, NOW **TRAPPED** IN A CAGE OF HIS OWN DESIGN... INJURED AND MORTALLY AFRAID...

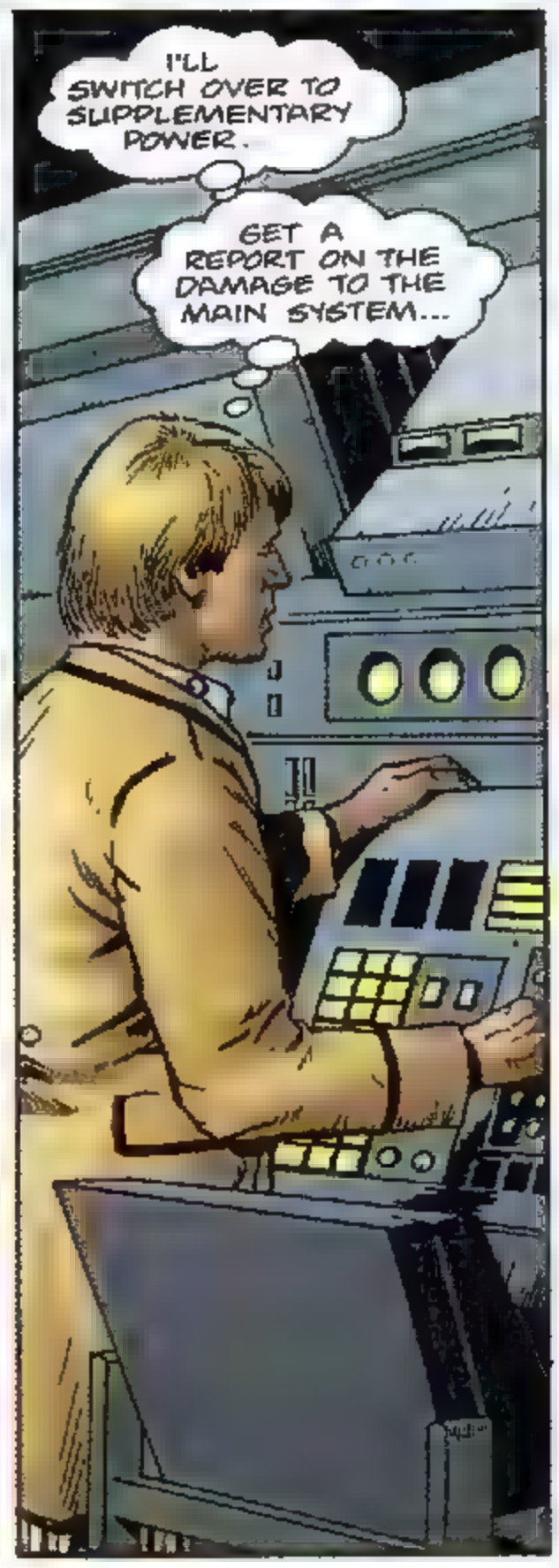
Script & Art: Steve Parkhouse Editor: Alan McKenzie

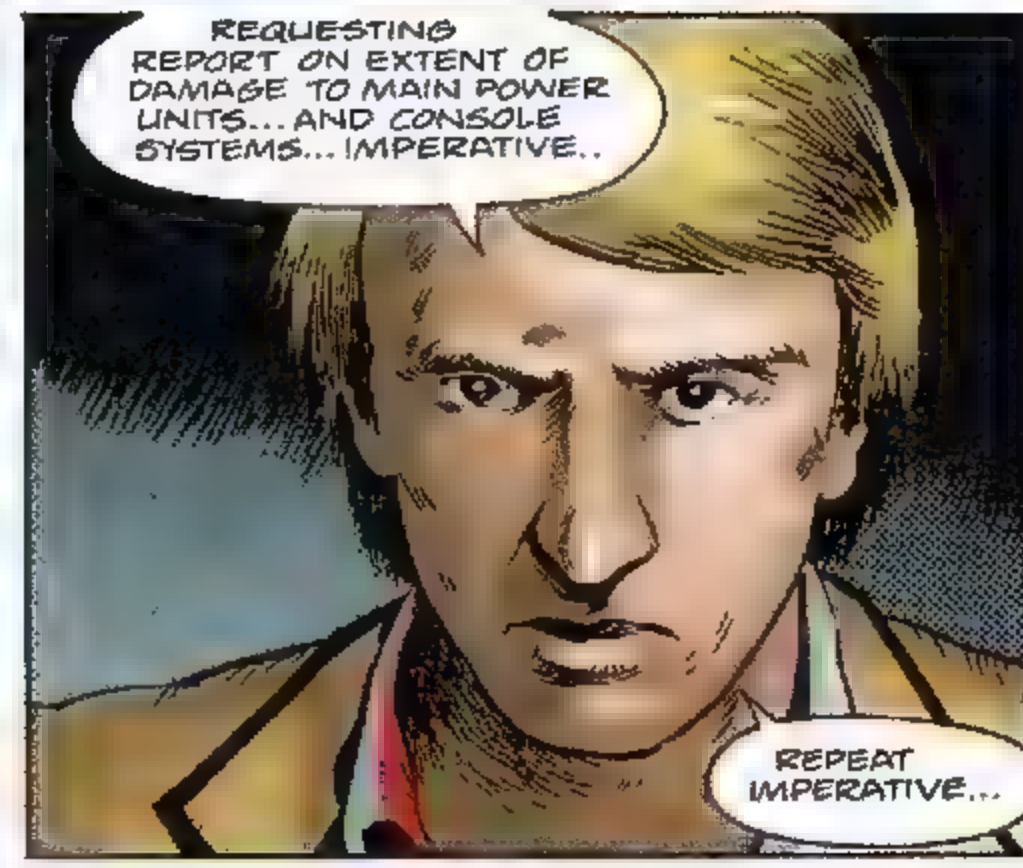
GRASPING THE TERMINALS WITH BOTH HANDS, THE CREATURE ALLOWED ITS OWN ENERGY TO FLOW IN A GREAT SURGE... WITH ALL THE PENT-UP POWER OF AN ELECTRICAL STORM...

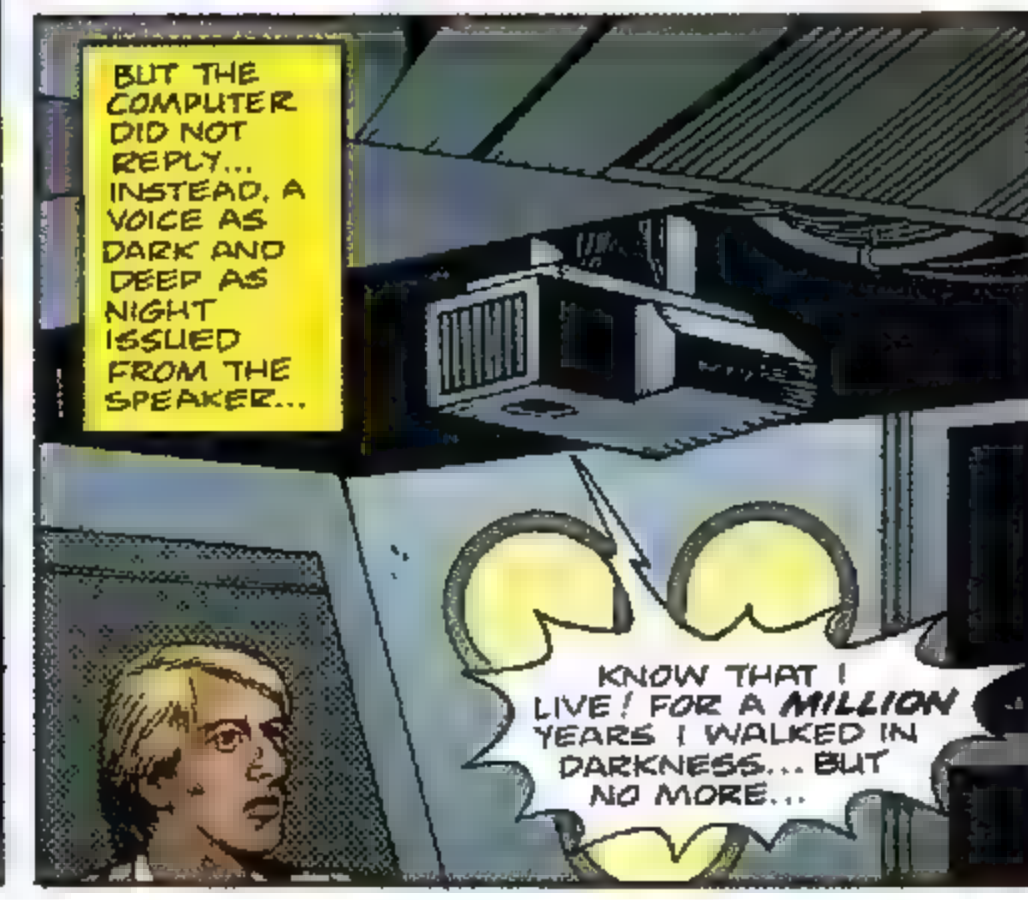

THE LIFE-FORCE SEARED INTO THE TARDIS' POWER SYSTEM...


UNTIL, OVERLOADED, THE SYSTEM GAVE OUT... SUNDERING THE CONSOLE IN A VIOLENT EXPLOSION!
PZATT!
GOOD GRIEF!

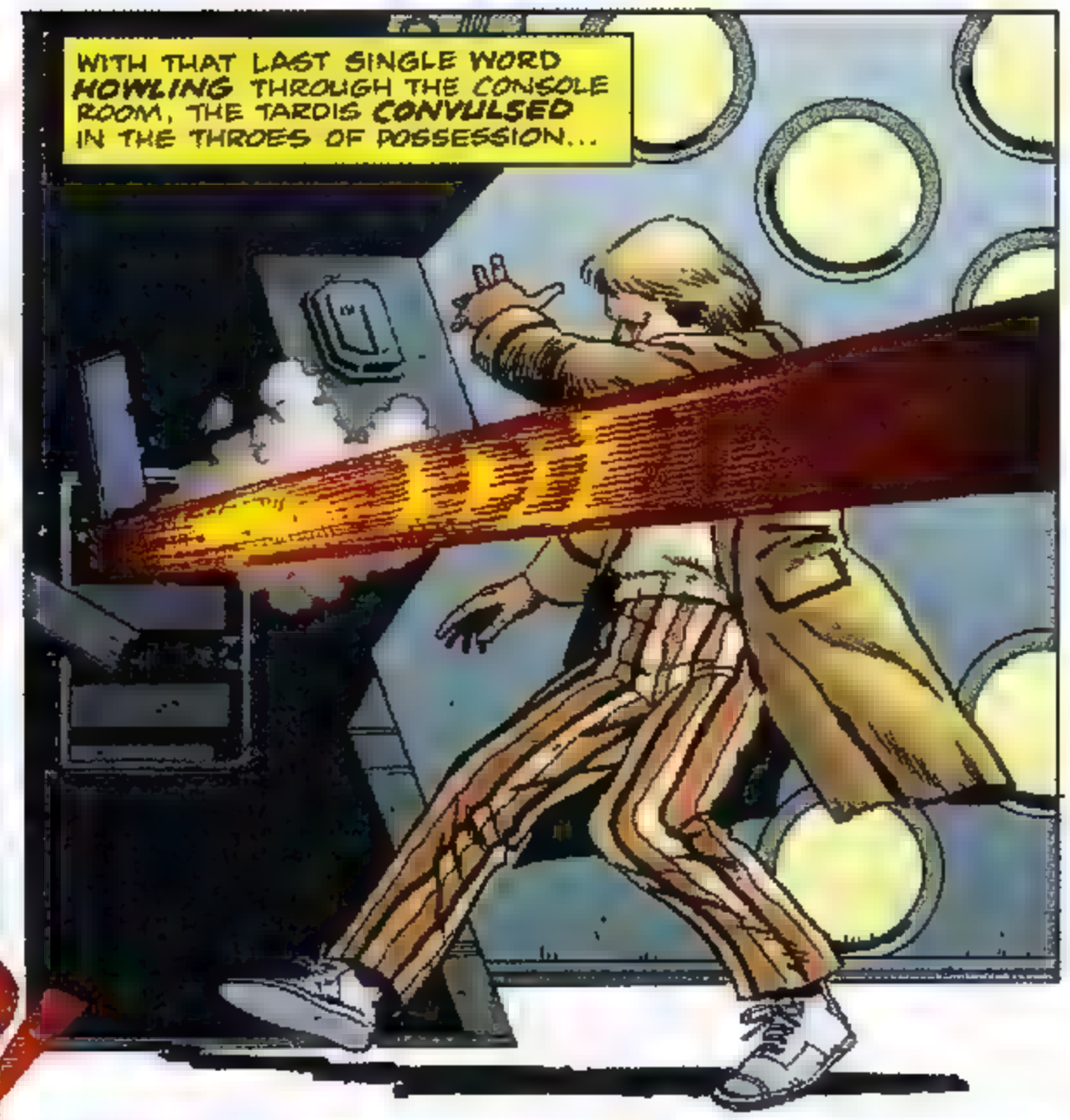

AN OVERLOAD... A MASSIVE FAULT... IT MUST HAVE BEEN...
...UNLESS...


I'LL SWITCH OVER TO SUPPLEMENTARY POWER.
GET A REPORT ON THE DAMAGE TO THE MAIN SYSTEM...

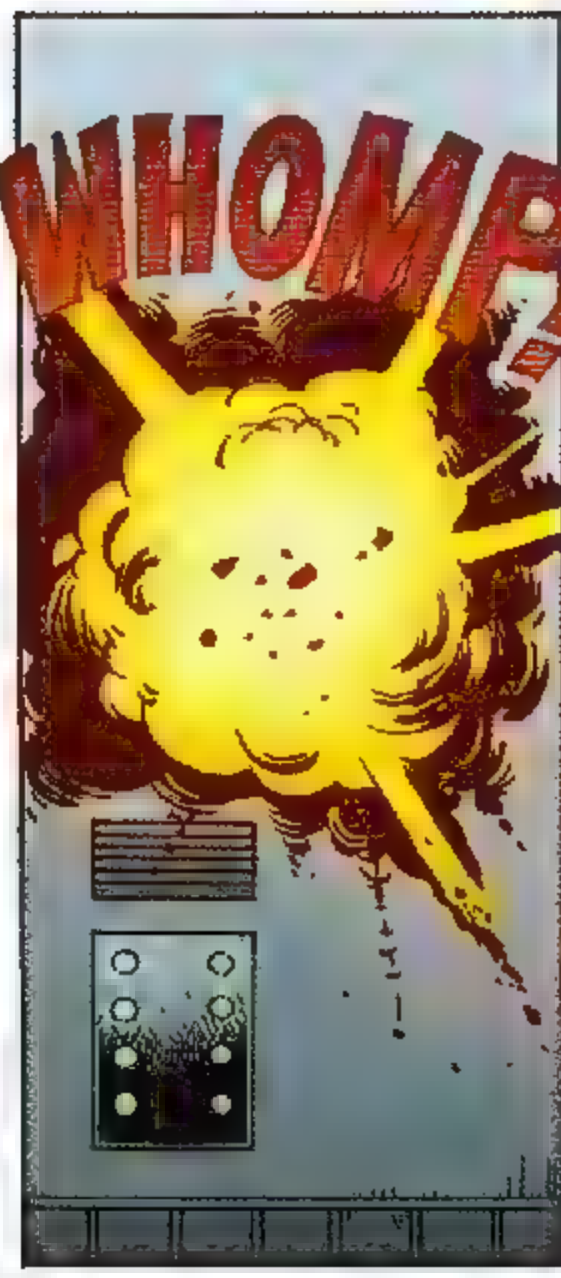

REQUESTING REPORT ON EXTENT OF DAMAGE TO MAIN POWER UNITS... AND CONSOLE SYSTEMS... IMPERATIVE..
REPEAT IMPERATIVE...

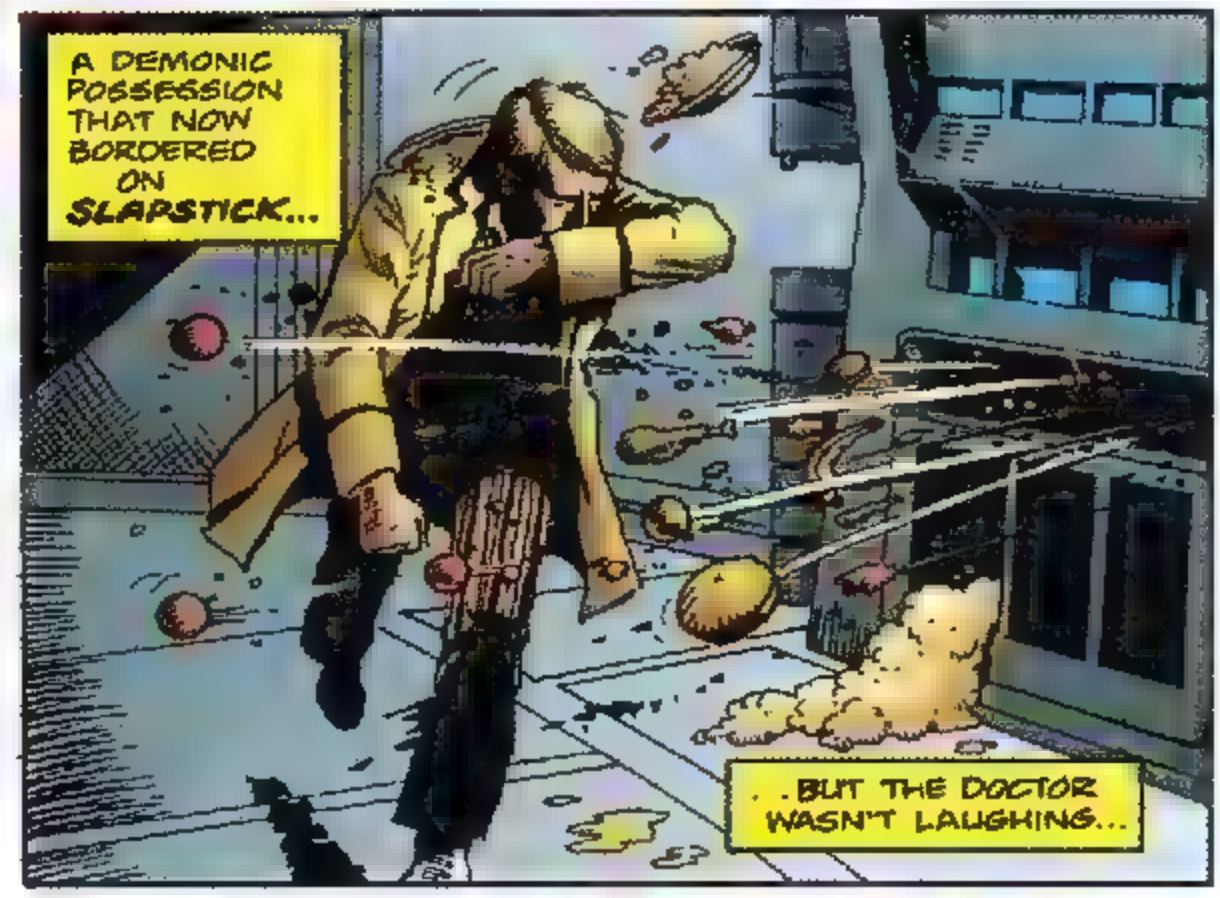

BUT THE COMPUTER DID NOT REPLY... INSTEAD, A VOICE AS DARK AND DEEP AS NIGHT ISSUED FROM THE SPEAKER...
KNOW THAT I LIVE! FOR A MILLION YEARS I WALKED IN DARKNESS... BUT NO MORE...

...THAT WHICH WAS THE TARDIS IS NO MORE.. KNOW THAT I LIVE .. AND IN KNOWING... FEAR!

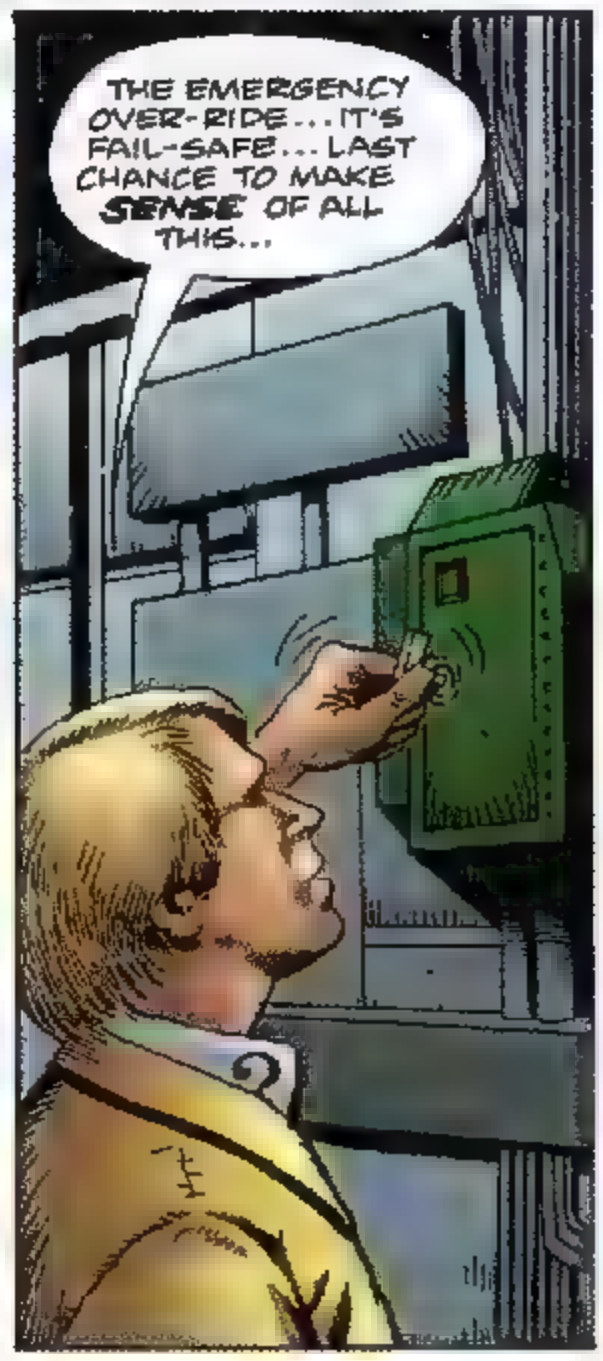

WITH THAT LAST SINGLE WORD HOWLING THROUGH THE CONSOLE ROOM, THE TARDIS CONVULSED IN THE THROES OF POSSESSION...

LOOK OUT! HERE COMES THE SPIDER-MAN!!


WHOMP!


A DEMONIC POSSESSION THAT NOW BORDERED ON SLAPSTICK...
...BUT THE DOCTOR WASN'T LAUGHING...

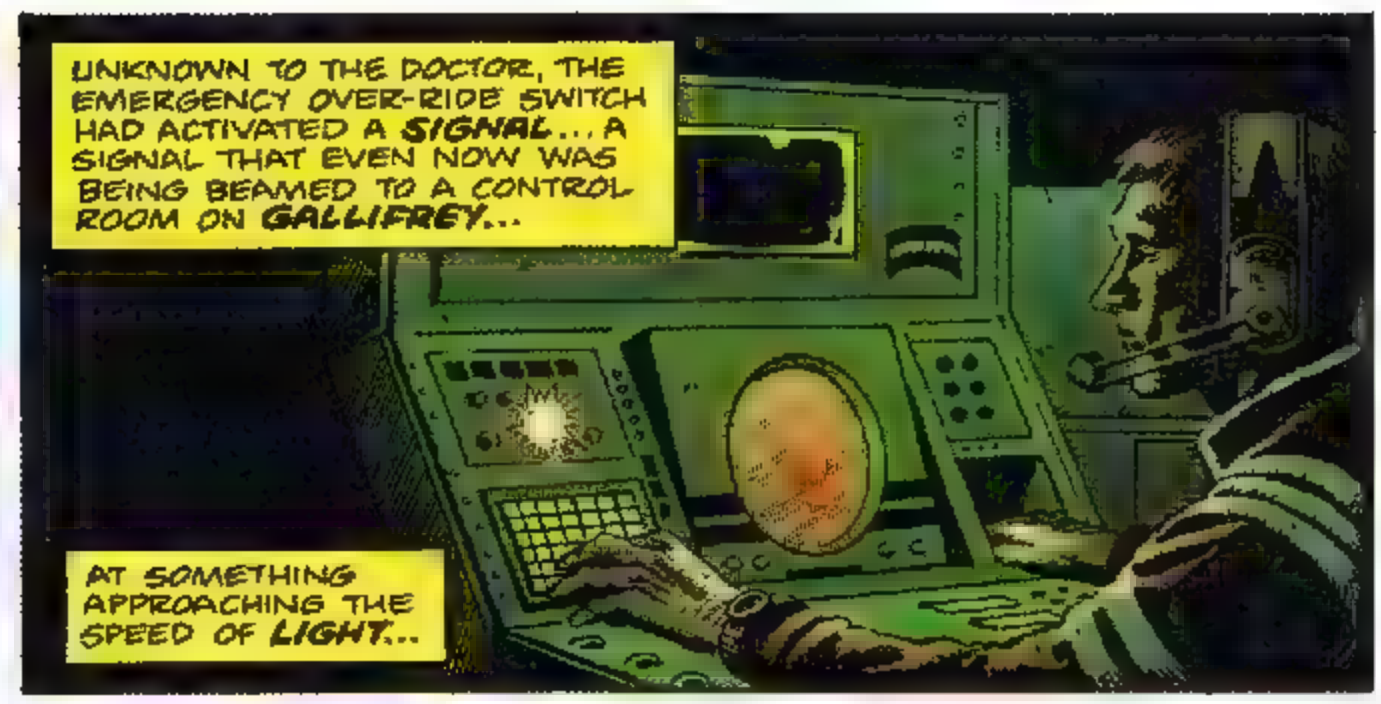
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THE CONSOLE IS ACTIVATING... EVEN THOUGH THE CONNECTIONS HAVE BLOWN!


THE EMERGENCY OVER-RIDE... IT'S FAIL-SAFE... LAST CHANCE TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS...

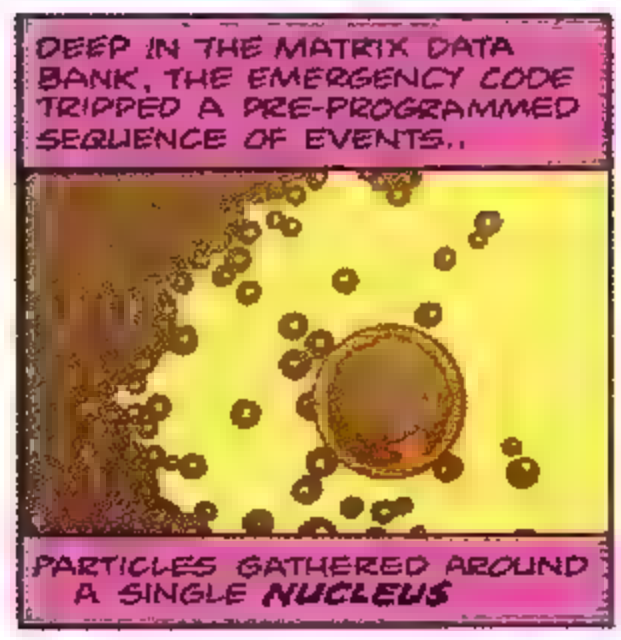
NOTHING YET... NO RESPONSE...
OVER-RIDE

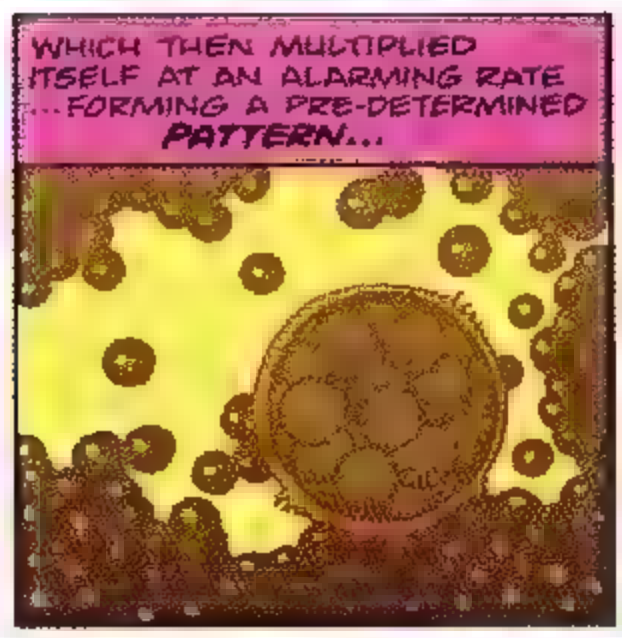
WHAM!
THE OVER-RIDE'S BEEN BLOCKED! THE TARDIS IS OUT OF CONTROL!

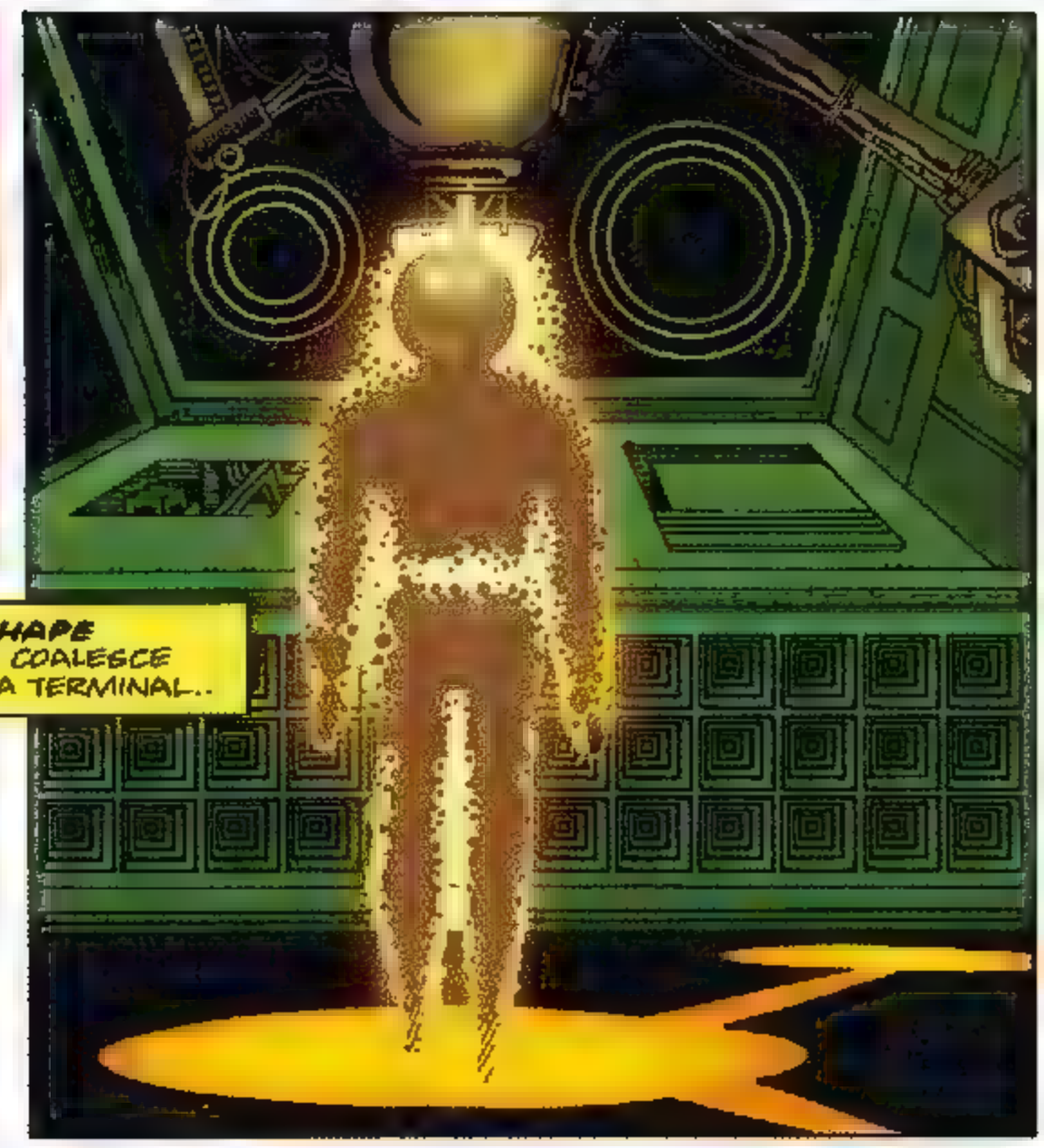
I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT OUT.. SHUT THE WHOLE THING DOWN!


UNKNOWN TO THE DOCTOR, THE EMERGENCY OVER-RIDE SWITCH HAD ACTIVATED A SIGNAL... A SIGNAL THAT EVEN NOW WAS BEING BEAMED TO A CONTROL ROOM ON GALLIFREY...
AT SOMETHING APPROACHING THE SPEED OF LIGHT...

EMERGENCY CODE THREE ZERO ONE FOUR ONE BEING TRANSFERRED TO MATRIX CENTRAL...
CLEAR ALL CHANNELS FOR EMERGENCY CODE THREE ZERO ONE FOUR ONE...


DEEP IN THE MATRIX DATA BANK, THE EMERGENCY CODE TRIPPED A PRE-PROGRAMMED SEQUENCE OF EVENTS..
PARTICLES GATHERED AROUND A SINGLE NUCLEUS

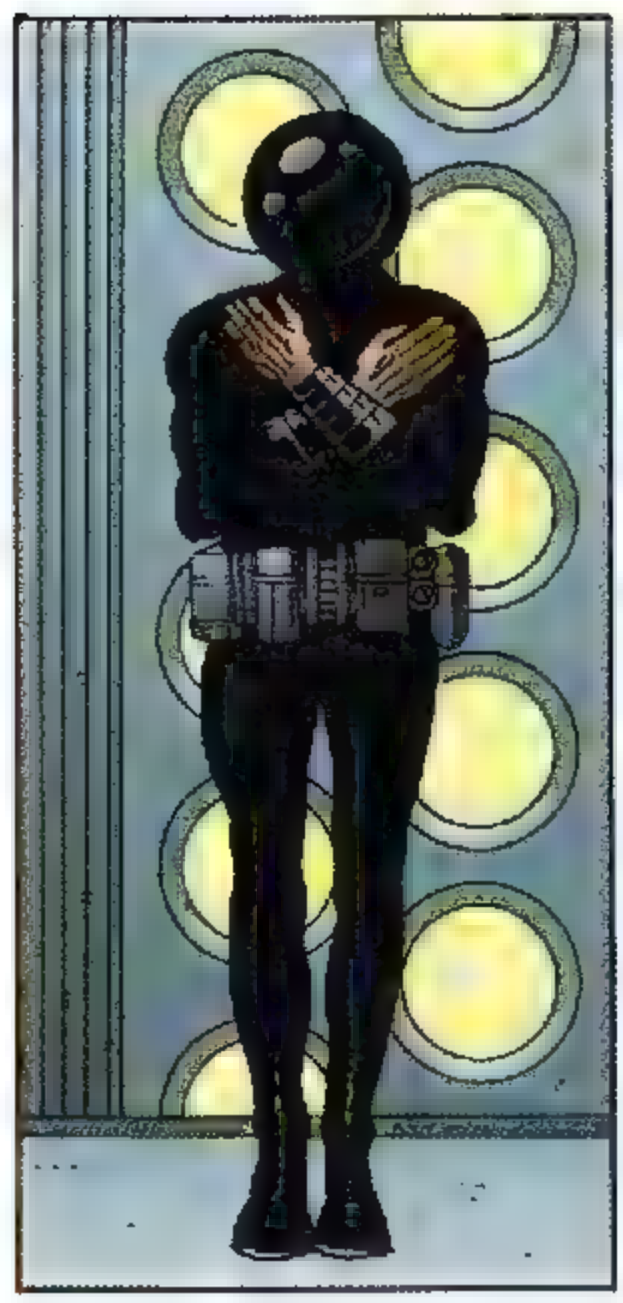

WHICH THEN MULTIPLIED ITSELF AT AN ALARMING RATE ...FORMING A PRE-DETERMINED PATTERN...


UNTIL A SHAPE BEGAN TO COALESCE BENEATH A TERMINAL..

A SHAPE LIKE THAT OF A MAN. .YET NOT WHOLLY HUMAN...

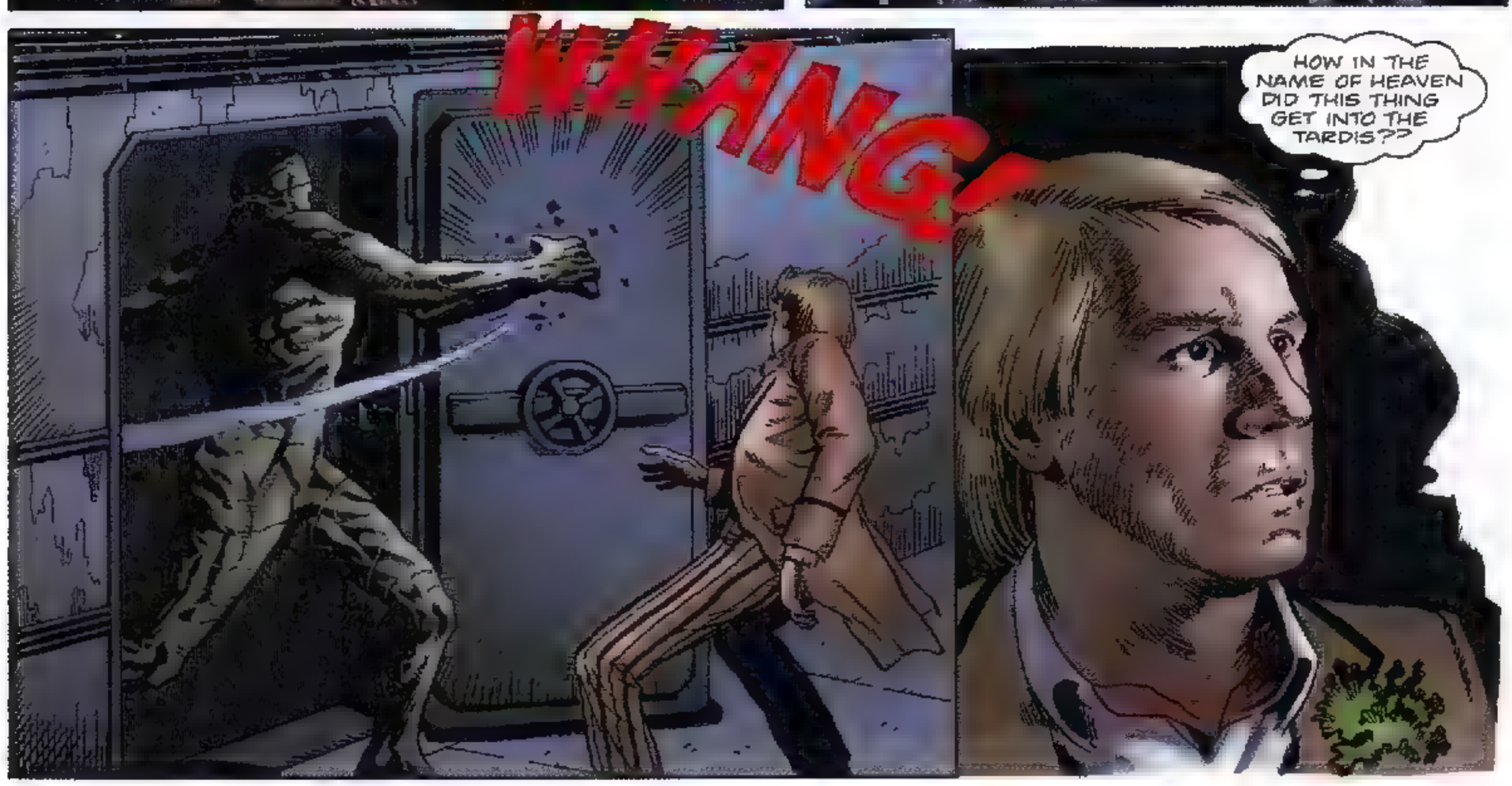
SHAYDE, SECONDARY AGENT OF THE MATRIX-LORDS OF GALLIFREY, REACHED AROUND FOR A DIRECTIVE...
BUT FOUND NONE .

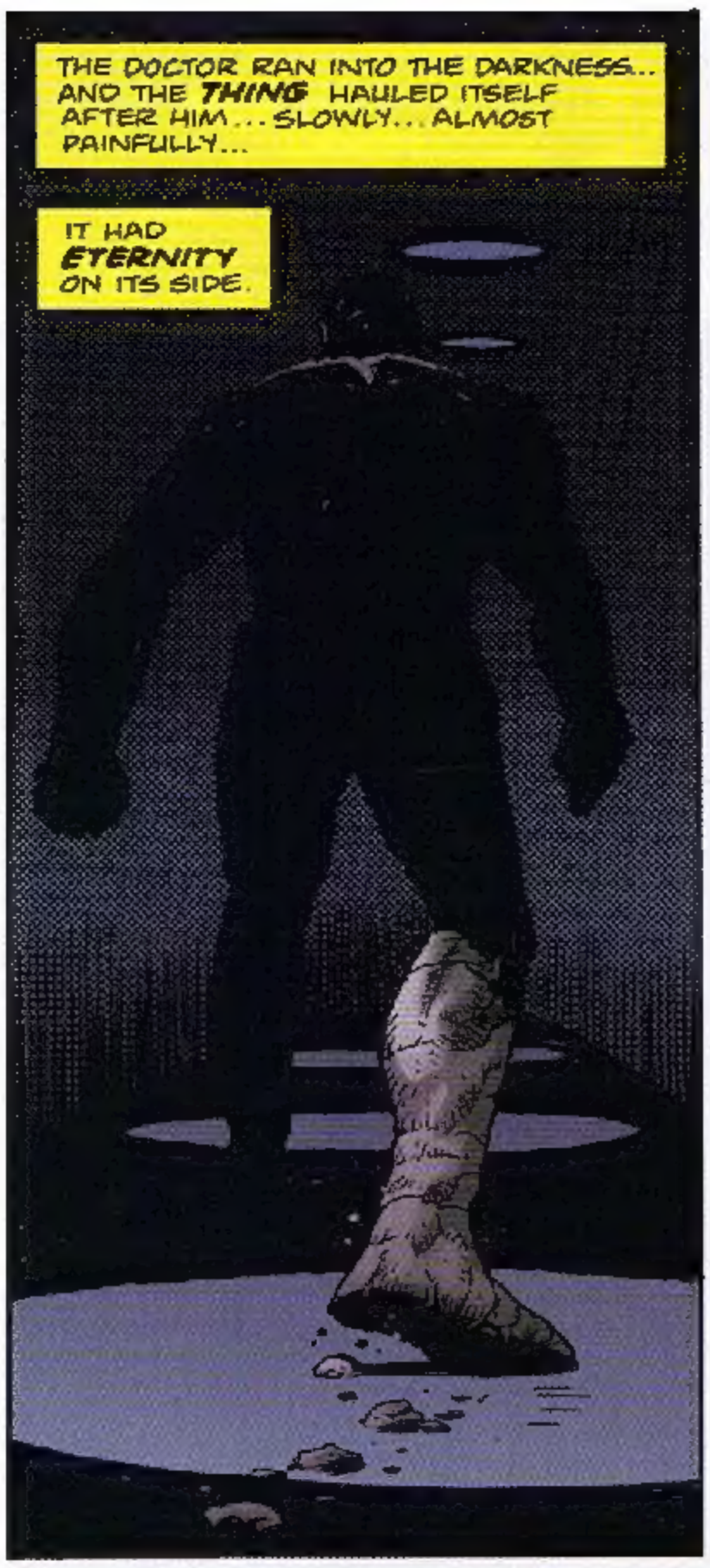
THE MASTERS OF TIME HAD NOT SUMMONED HIM...
THE INITIATIVE WAS HIS TO TAKE...



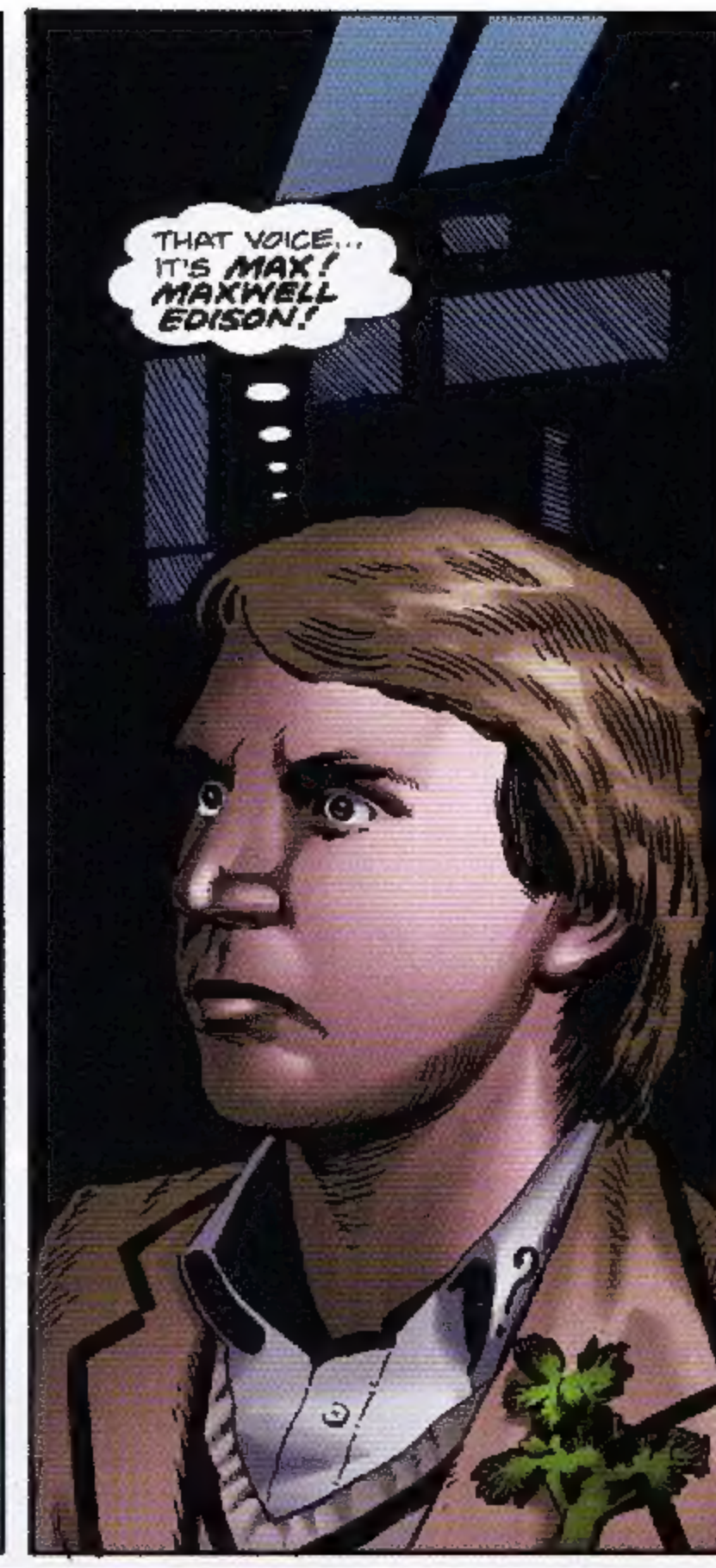
DEEP IN THE INNER RECESSES OF THE TARDIS, THE DOCTOR MADE HIS WAY TO THE HEART OF THE TIME MACHINE.
I HAVEN'T BEEN DOWN HERE FOR YEARS...
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT IT WAS LIKE.. IT'S TIME I HAD A CLEAROUT...

NOW WHERE DOES THIS LEAD TO? I USED TO HAVE A PLAN OF THE TARDIS WITH EVERYTHING MARKED OUT...


WHANG!
HOW IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN DID THIS THING GET INTO THE TARDIS??


THE DOCTOR RAN INTO THE DARKNESS... AND THE THING HAULED ITSELF AFTER HIM... SLOWLY... ALMOST PAINFULLY...
IT HAD ETERNITY ON ITS SIDE.

WHERE TO NOW? IT LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY IS DOWN... WHAT... WHAT'S THAT?
DOCTOR! HELP! HELP ME, DOCTOR!

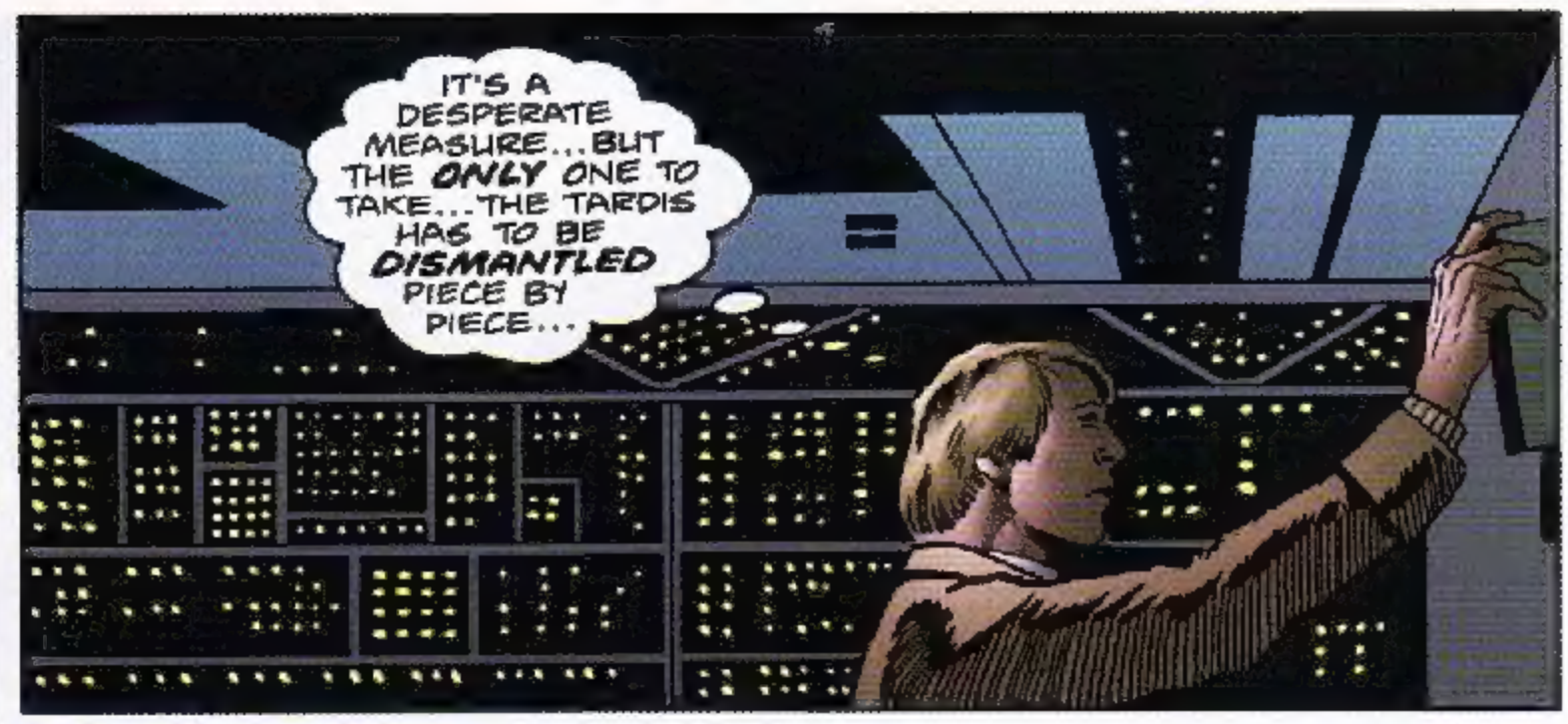

THAT VOICE... IT'S MAX! MAXWELL EDISON!

INTO THE DOCTOR'S MIND A MEMORY SPRANG... A MEMORY OF DARKNESS AND FEAR... A MEMORY OF A PRESENCE, HUGE AND BROODING...*
DOCTOR! HELP! HELP ME, DOCTOR!

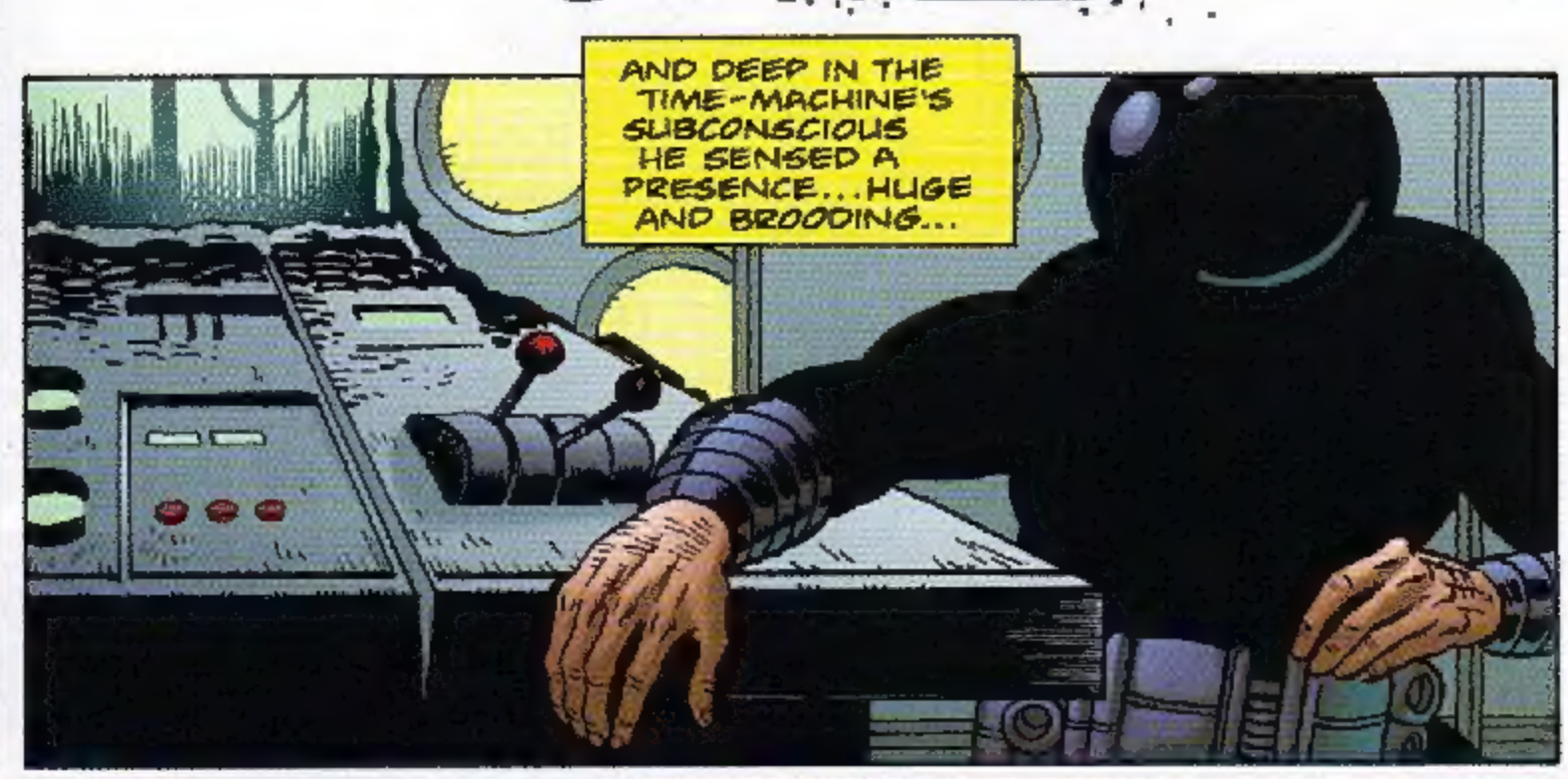
AND AS THE MEMORY FADED... IT WAS REPLACED BY A DAWNING REALISATION ... A GLIMMER ON THE HORIZON OF CONSCIOUSNESS...
OH, NO... WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

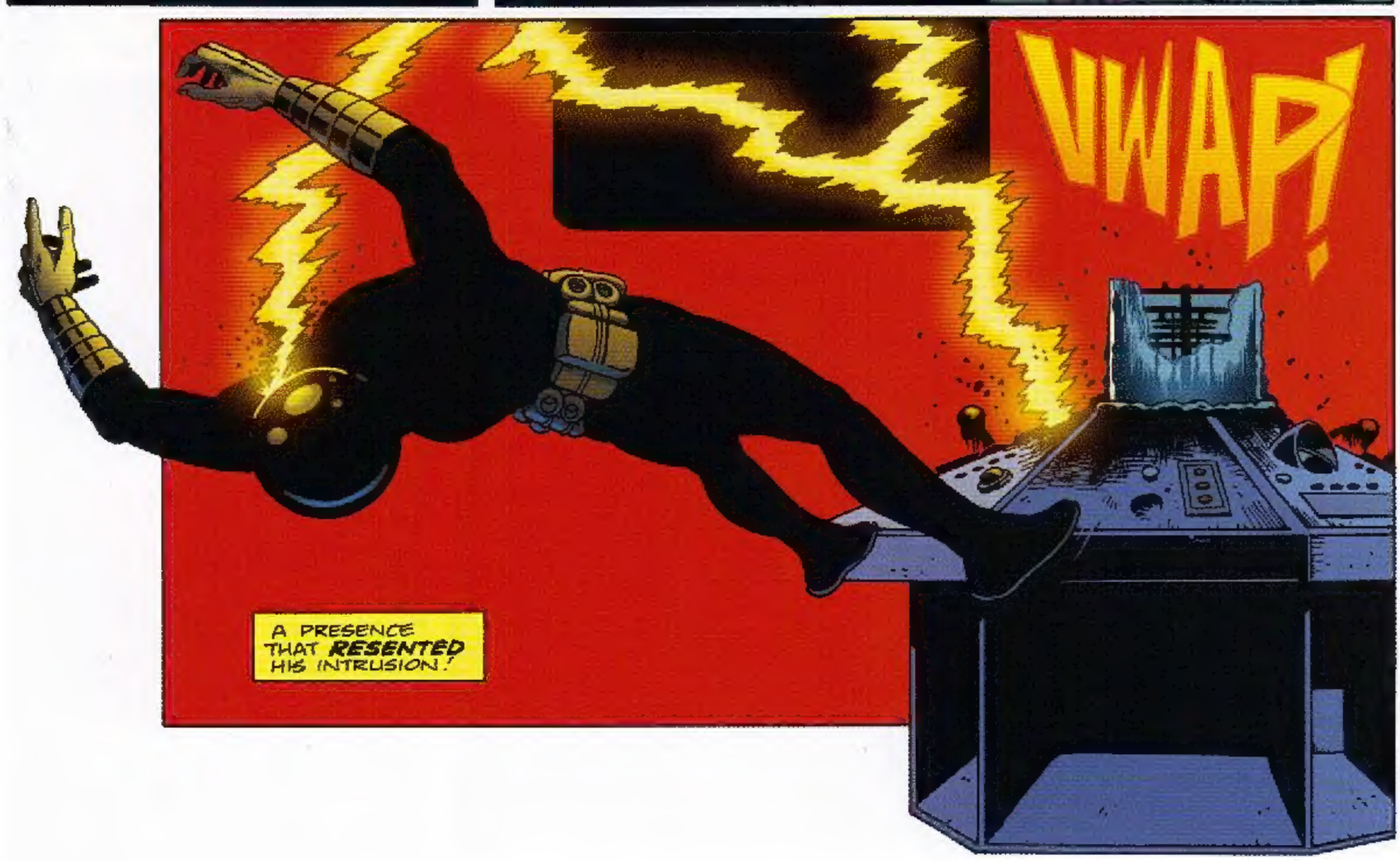
IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS TRUE... THEN I'VE GOT TO UNDO IT...

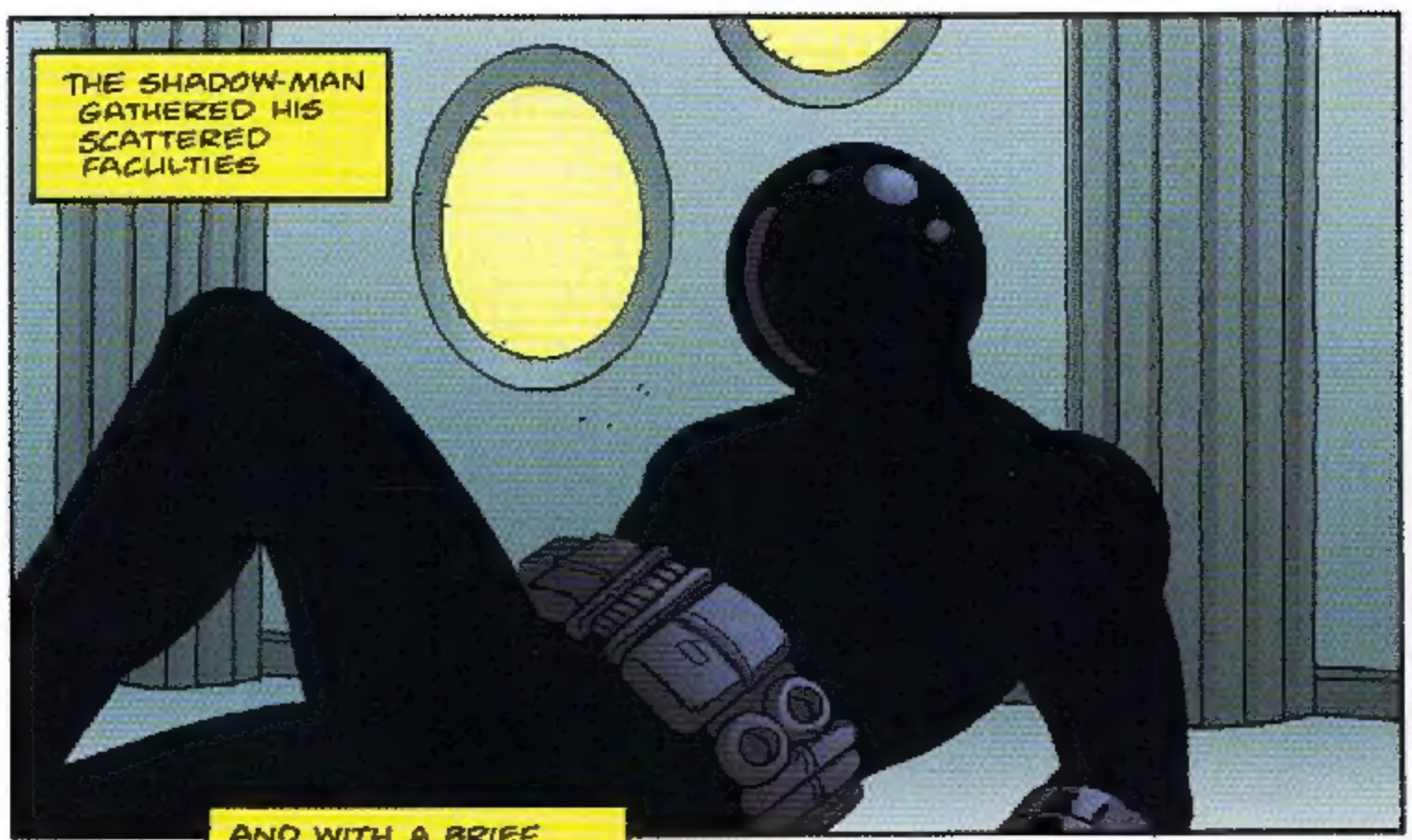
AND WHAT BETTER PLACE TO START...HERE IN THE MIND OF THE TARDIS...
THE DATA STORAGE BANK...


IT'S A DESPERATE MEASURE...BUT THE ONLY ONE TO TAKE...THE TARDIS HAS TO BE DISMANTLED PIECE BY PIECE...

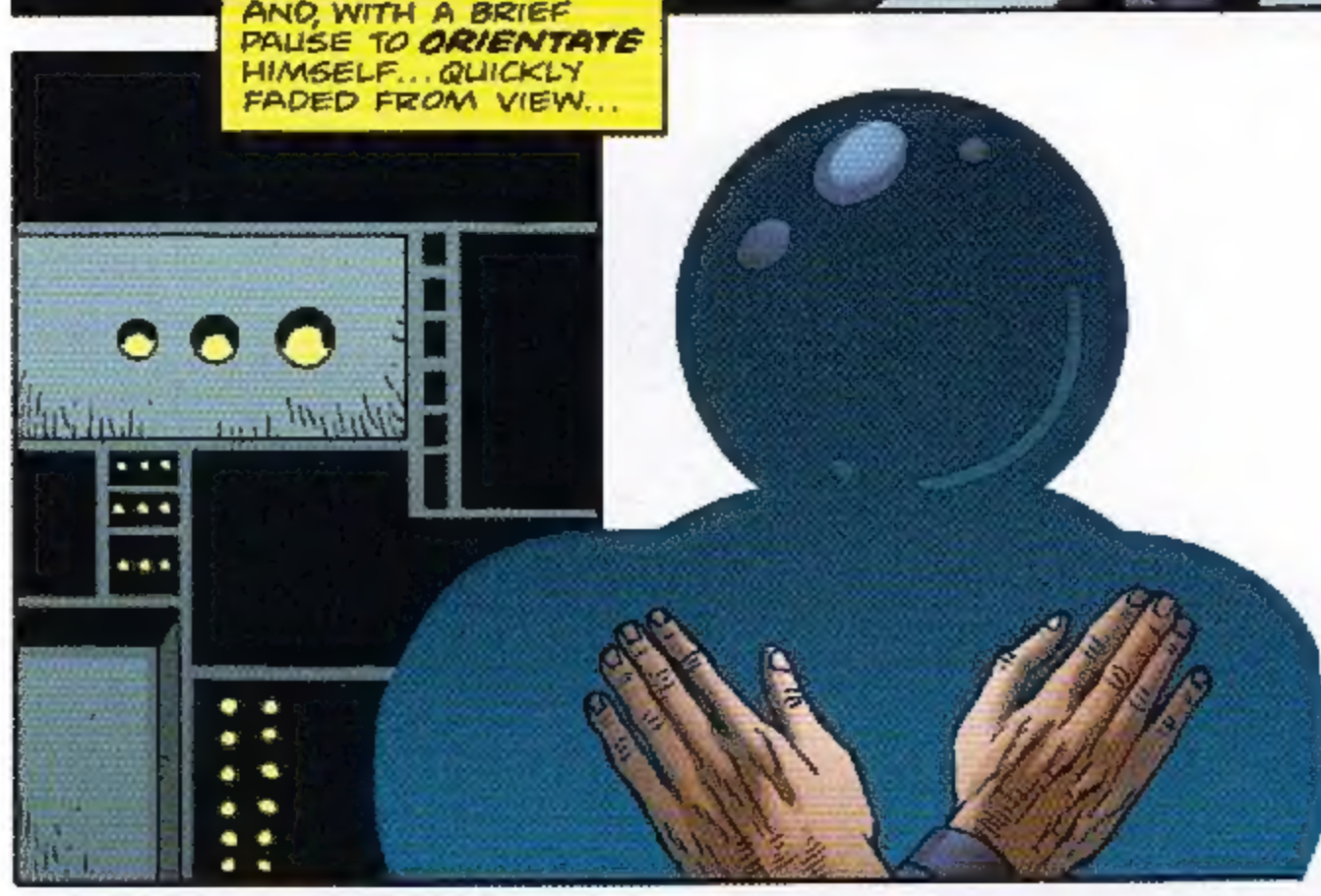
SEVERAL STOREYS ABOVE THE DOCTOR'S HEAD, SHAYDE SURVEYED THE WRECKAGE OF THE CONSOLE...
REACHING OUT FOR MENTAL CONTACT, HIS MIND PROBED THE TARDIS RELAY SYSTEMS...

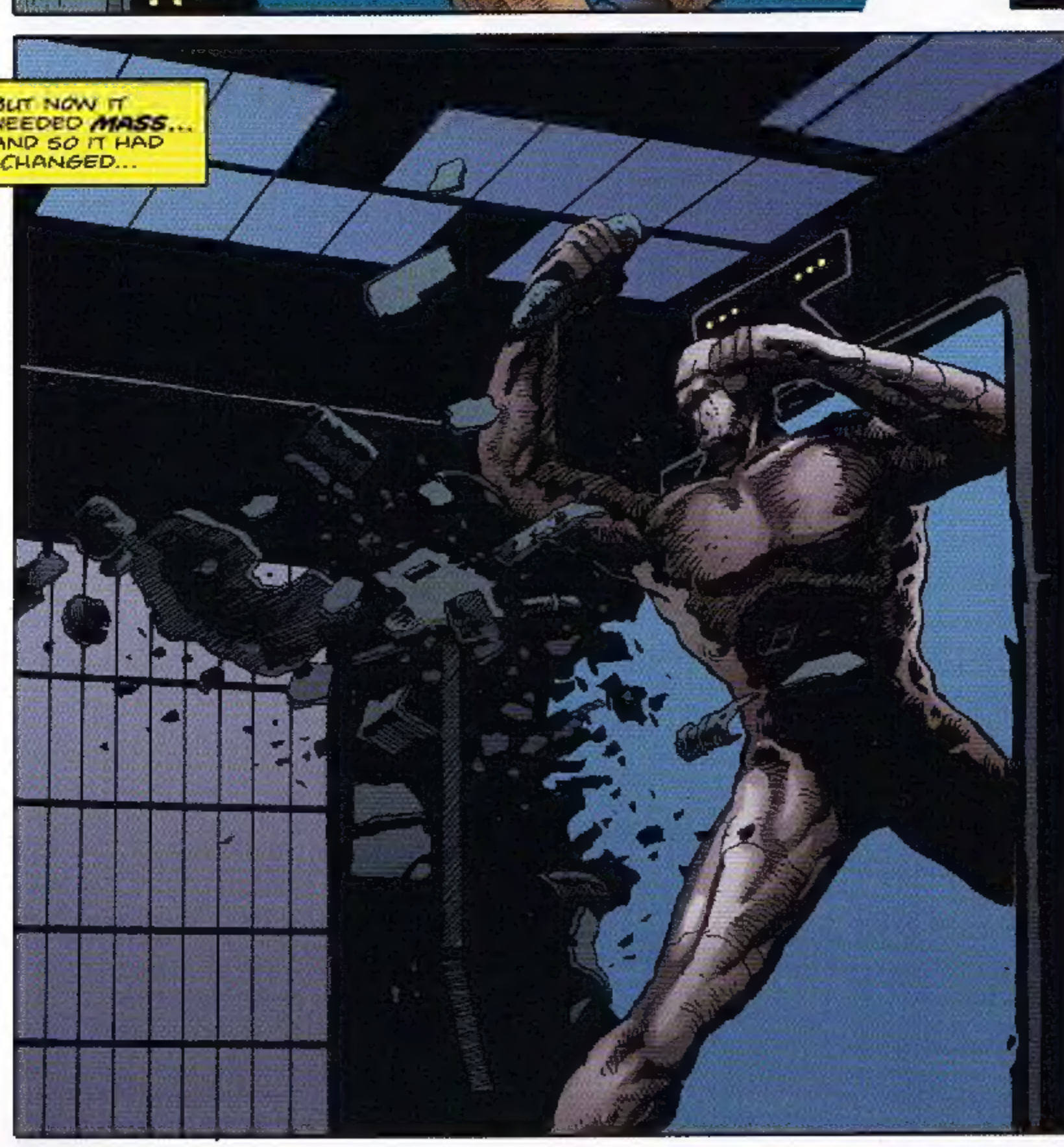

AND DEEP IN THE TIME-MACHINE'S SUBCONSCIOUS HE SENSED A PRESENCE...HUGE AND BROODING...

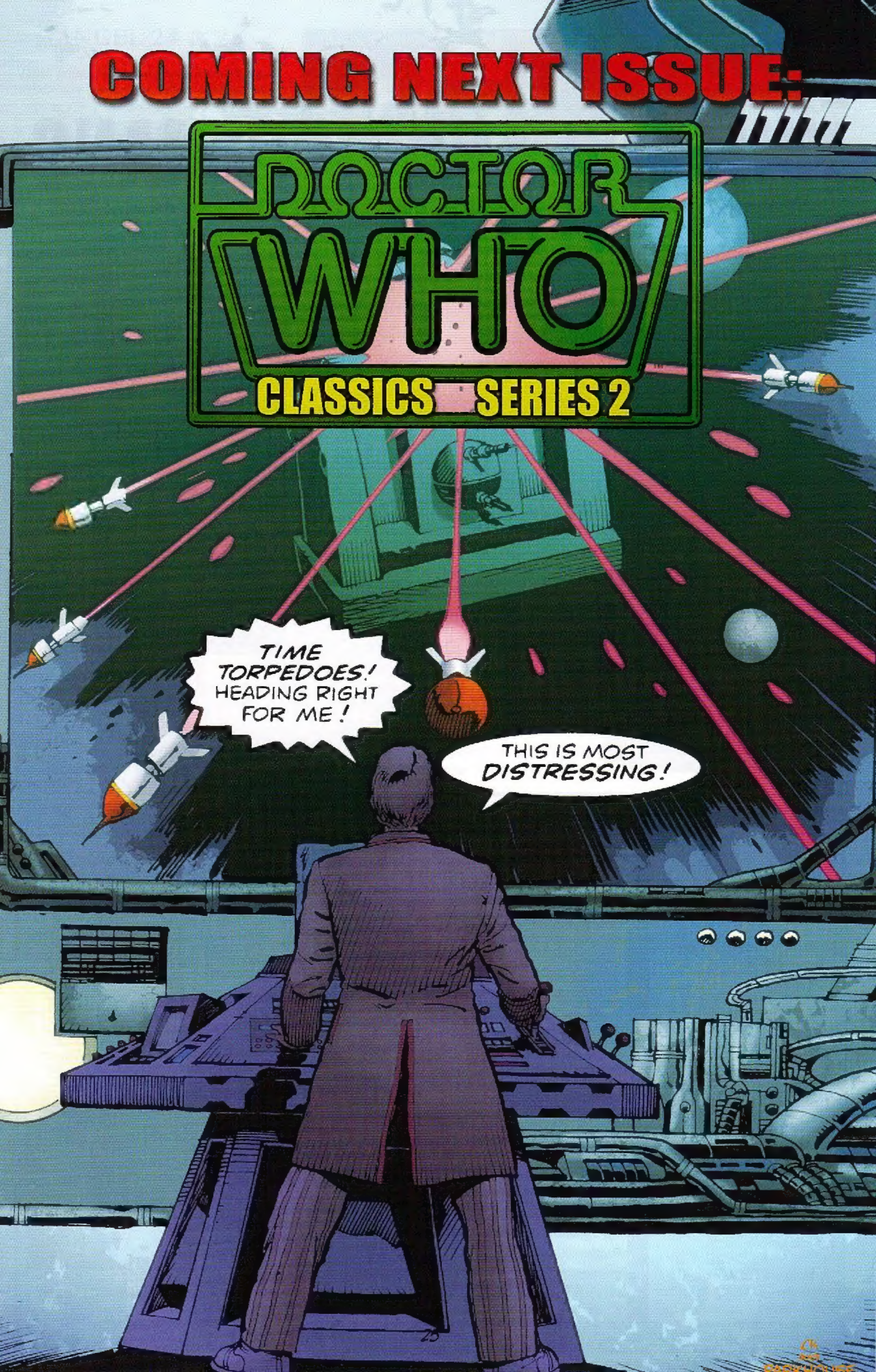

VWAP!
A PRESENCE THAT RESENTED HIS INTRUSION!


THE SHADOW-MAN GATHERED HIS SCATTERED FACULTIES

IN A WELL OF DARKNESS, A THING OF EARTH AND STONE WAS DRAWING NEAR TO ITS INTENDED PREY...
ONCE IT HAD BEEN A GOD OF FIRE, A LORD OF LIGHTNING, CLAIMING VICTIMS IN THE HEART OF A STORM...


AND, WITH A BRIEF PAUSE TO ORIENTATE HIMSELF... QUICKLY FADED FROM VIEW...


BUT NOW IT NEEDED MASS... AND SO IT HAD CHANGED...

BUT THE FIRE STILL RAGED WITHIN... FIRE AND THE NEED TO DESTROY...
TO DESTROY THE BEING WHO HAD SET IT FREE!

COMING NEXT ISSUE: